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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1905.

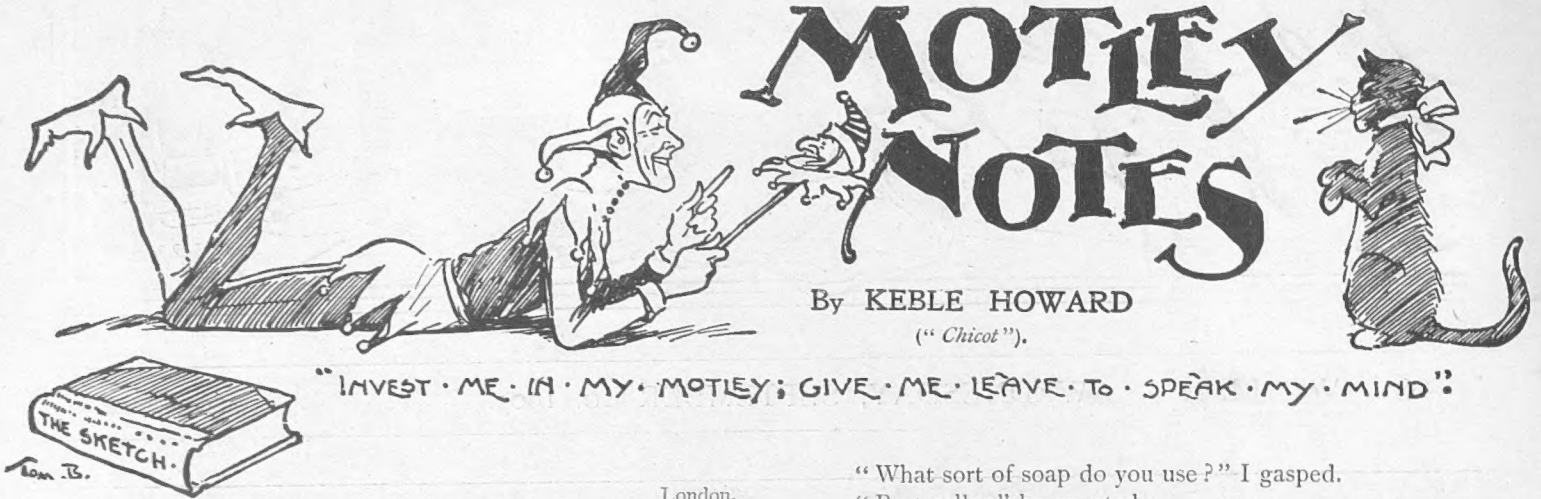
SIXPENCE.



THE TOMB-DWELLER OF NEW YORK: THE LATE JONATHAN REED (WHO LIVED TWELVE YEARS IN HIS WIFE'S TOMB)  
EXHORTING NEW YORK WOMEN TO LOVE THEIR HUSBANDS.

For twelve years Jonathan Reed was the strangest sight in the Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn. At his wife's death he vowed that he would not leave her coffin until he joined her, and accordingly he took up his abode in the mausoleum. Crowds came to stare at him, and he improved the occasion by preaching sermons on wifely affection, death, immortality, and kindred subjects.

*Photograph published by G. W. Melville.*



London.

DO you ever, dear Member of the Public, read the advertisements of new books in the papers? If you don't, you miss a great deal of fun. Competition has sharpened the wits of the publishers amazingly, and I am never tired of studying their quaint devices for attracting attention. Nobody would imagine, for example, that these words, printed in bold type, were intended to describe the effect on the reader of a modern novel—

**"UP AND DOWN ONE'S SPINE."**

Yet the explanation is perfectly simple. A reviewer has said of this book that it "sends a stream of cold water up and down one's spine." To me, personally, this would not be a recommendation. I have not the least doubt, however, that the extraordinary wording of the advertisement will stimulate the sale. Another publisher places a straggly cross against the title of a certain book. The idea, of course, is that some busy City-man, catching sight of the cross in a dimly lighted railway-carriage, will think that his wife has asked him to buy that book or get it from the library. Ingenious, isn't it? Yet one longs for the day when all the shouting will be over; when a book will be announced in ordinary type, and the public will be allowed to decide for themselves whether they will read it or not.

The ingenuity of publishers, though, is nothing to the ingenuity of authors—some authors. One morning last week, in a widely circulating journal, I read a letter sent to the Editor by a celebrated lady-novelist explaining that she was not going to publish two novels next year, but one only. Then she proceeded to state the length of the novel, the name of the publishers, and their address. By this time, no doubt, those fortunate publishers have received orders for this novel from all parts of the kingdom. If not, I am sorry, for I like to see industry and enterprise earning their due reward. Oddly enough, in the same issue of the same widely circulating journal there appeared another letter from another celebrated writer on very similar lines. It was a dramatist this time, and he was good enough to mention the name of his new play, the theatre at which it would be produced, and the names of the principal players who would appear in it. Incidentally, he mentioned the names of two other plays from his pen, both obtainable in book-form. Push, push, push! There's nothing like it, of course.

Can anybody tell me why a barber should not be licensed, just as much as a chemist, or a chauffeur, or any other person who has the power of life and death in his hands? When I visit a strange town, I suffer agonies at the hands of inexperienced barbers. The other day, for example, I was staying in a small town on the South Coast. I had no razor with me, and, naturally enough, looked about for the local barber. I found him in a dark, dirty room at the back of a tobacconist's shop. He appeared to be about sixteen years of age, and was finishing his tea.

"I want a shave, please," I said.

He went on finishing his tea, but condescended to point to the operating-chair.

"What do you do with your razors," I asked, "after using them?"

He put his hand to his ear. This, I gathered, meant that he wished me to repeat the question.

"What do you do with your razors after using them?"

"Wash 'em," said the youth, and began to push the greater part of a dirty sheet down the inside of my clean collar. When he discovered that there was no room for any more of it, he proceeded to slap my face with a sloppy brush.

"What sort of soap do you use?" I gasped.

"Best yeller," he grunted.

"Yellow! That's not very good for a tender skin, is it?"

"Your skin ain't tender," he said, rubbing it critically with his rough fingers.

"Pardon me, it's very tender."

"Not near so tender as what mine is," retorted the barber. And then, to put a stop to further conversation, he placed a large lump of "best yeller" on my lips.

I lay still, afraid to move hand or foot. From an inner room floated the tinkle-tinkle of a toy zither. The assistant, I suppose, was amusing himself in his bassinot. I shall never hear a toy zither again without a shudder.

Presently there came a sudden, strange word of command. Unable, by reason of the lump of lather, to speak, I raised my eyebrows interrogatively.

"Open!" said the barber.

I shook my head vigorously, but the protest was unavailing. The dreadful fellow seized me, purely for his own convenience, *by the upper lip*. Ugh! I have had nightmare every night since I returned from that small town on the South Coast.

There is no nonsense about Mr. Max Beerbohm. He knows that he is a superior person, and he shows that he knows it. The casual observer may think him affected, but that is merely superficial criticism. It would be far more affected in Mr. Max Beerbohm if he pretended to be just one of ourselves, to like the things that we like, to talk the language that we talk. You and I, simple friend, like London. We think, in our ingenuousness, that the view from Westminster Bridge at night is grand, and beautiful, and great, and glorious, and so on. So it is—to us. But not to Mr. Max Beerbohm, and it would be idle to expect him to admire it. Writing of London to the extent of a column—an exact column: a column to a line—in the *Morning Leader*, Mr. Beerbohm is quite plaintive about this unfortunate superiority of his. Thus: "I see a few trees. I wonder whether they have autumn tints under the soot that coats their leaves. I see a woman between two policemen." Now, you know, if you or I, dear friend, had the good fortune to see a woman between two policemen, we should just run along with the crowd, and thank our stars that we were in time for a free show. To Mr. Max Beerbohm, on the contrary, such a sight is tedious, and it is brave of him, splendid of him, to admit it. I could write a great deal—almost an exact column in the *Morning Leader*—in appreciation of Mr. Beerbohm's lack of affectation.

I am indeed sorry to hear that the State of Pennsylvania is considering the possibility of dispensing with the telephone-girl. You see, what Pennsylvania considers to-day, London may consider to-morrow, and I, for one, could not spare the patient lady with the high, clear voice who is ready to talk into my left ear whenever I care to take up the receiver. I should hate to get anyone into trouble, but, between ourselves, the gentleman who comes on duty at night is not half so quick and not a quarter so friendly. He seems to think me a nuisance. I am, of course, but he should remember that I pay for the privilege. The lady with the high voice, on the other hand, knows that I am part of the day's work. And her philosophy teaches her that the best way to get through the day's work is to make the best of it. Bear with me, friend the reader. These domestic confidences may seem tiresome, but they have their purposes. I am hoping that they will meet the eyes of the plenipotentiaries of the State of Pennsylvania.



THE LEADING SPIRIT OF THE GREAT SCOTTISH VOLUNTEER REVIEW.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT CRANSTON, LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH,  
IN HIS UNIFORM AS COLONEL-COMMANDANT OF THE QUEEN'S RIFLE VOLUNTEER BRIGADE (THE ROYAL SCOTS).

*Photograph by Drummond Shiels.*

## THE CLUBMAN.

*Major-General Maurice and the Army—How to Get a Better Class of Soldier—The Centenary of the Trafalgar Cruise—Alikanoff.*

THE great British public looks, I am afraid, on our Army merely as a disagreeable necessity. The average middle-class taxpayer is bewildered by the conflicting opinions he reads. One day Lord Roberts tells him that the country is practically defenceless, and another day the Prime Minister informs him that invasion is impossible and that all he has to fear is a raid. A raid sounds to him something almost harmless, and he does not understand that it might signify the capture and sack of London.

The middle-class tax-payer has been informed so often by would-be reformers that the British regimental officer does nothing but play cricket and polo and go to race-meetings that he has, at last, come to accept this as an absolute fact. He sees boys in red walking about the streets, and judges, quite rightly, that these are specimens of the British infantry of to-day; he is very thankful when his son shows no inclination to go to Sandhurst, and when the son of any of his servants or dependents wants to take the King's shilling, he tries to dissuade him, pointing out that the Army is not a respectable trade or calling for a young man.

General Maurice, the military historian, has set the pens a-scribble by his letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he makes some suggestions as to means by which the lower ranks of the Army can be filled with a good type of young men. He, and with him every man who cares for the well-being and efficiency of the Army, is anxious that the ranks should not be filled only by the few adventurous spirits and the many who enlist as a last alternative; he wishes "to go for a soldier" to cease to be considered in the villages as a foolish and rather disgraceful act.

The limit of pay has been reached—the Treasury would forbid any further rise—and all that can be done in bettering the food and the lodging of the private soldier has been or is being undertaken; but any man who will spend an hour near St. George's Barracks can see for himself that the youths who enlist now are the same types of youths who enlisted twenty years ago, and that the class from which our Army should be taken

watchmen. I would go a step further. I would counsel the authorities to accept candidates for some of these positions, but only on condition that they serve three or two years, as a time of probation, with their county regiments, and remain in the Reserve for a further period. This would ensure a constant stream of men of a good class always passing through the ranks, and each one of them would be anxious to become a competent soldier as quickly as possible, because his future career would depend on this.

We have entered the centenary of the Trafalgar cruise. A hundred years ago last Thursday, Nelson, escaping from the popular enthusiasm, slipped aboard his flagship and hoisted his flag. Five weeks later, the great battle was fought. I hope that we shall all celebrate the occasion in some becoming manner, for a great nation should honour with dignity her great dead, and in honouring the men who fought so bravely for England we may well spare a thought and a wreath for the Frenchmen and the Spaniards who met the British with staunchness in their countries' cause, and to conquer whom, being brave men, added to the glory of a most glorious day.

It is curious to find the name of General Alikanoff appearing again in despatches from Russia. He is one of the stormy petrels of that Empire, but on the present occasion he has been sent to a Caucasian province to prevent the Armenians and the Tartars from cutting each other's throats. He is likely to carry out his duty of repression with great impartiality, for he is Afghan born and bred and can have little sympathy with either side. That he should be so far away from the Indian

frontier shows that Russia cannot contemplate any movement at present on the Pamirs. Ali Khan, who, if I remember rightly, had been entrusted with the collection of taxes on debatable territory, became Alikanoff at the time of the Penj-deh incident, and there was no man on whom the Amir, the father of the present man, would have exercised his ingenuity in torture with greater pleasure—if he could have caught him.

Since those days, whenever there has been a Russian move forwards on the Pamirs, Alikanoff has been in the neighbourhood; whenever a British officer with his escort of Gurkhas has come into touch with a Russian and his Cossacks, Alikanoff has been the Colonel who has sent a courteous invitation to say that he will be happy to see the Englishman at his dinner-table. He is a thorough Russian now, an example of the ease with which the Russians, being a nation of the East, can assimilate any useful soldiers of other Eastern nations, and he must be a competent General, as well as an Agent Provocateur, otherwise he would not have been taken from his natural hunting-ground and entrusted with such an important command.



THE CULT OF ADONIS AT SOUTHEND.—THE GREATEST DANDY IN THE SOUTHEND MALE BEAUTY SHOW: MR. TOM CARPENTER.

Southend, like Syracuse of old, has instituted a Festival of Adonis, and, no doubt, the ladies rush to it with the same eagerness as did Mesdames Gorgo and Praxinoe in the famous dramatic idyll of Theocritus. Perhaps, also, before setting out they abused their husbands and servants as roundly as their prototypes of nearly three thousand years ago. We would affectionately recommend Mr. Fryer to beware of the Anne Whitefields of this world (See Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman"). Mr. Abraham Rogers, being married, is presumably safe, but regarding Mr. Tom Carpenter's state we are without information, and know not whether to warn or to congratulate him.

*Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*



THE HANDSOMEST MARRIED MAN AT THE SOUTHEND MALE BEAUTY SHOW: MR. ABRAHAM ROGERS.

have not withdrawn their ban against it. The soldier cannot save money, and when he is discharged he is only an unskilled labourer. General Maurice proposes that the future of a soldier of good conduct should be to some extent assured by making service in the ranks a necessary qualification for most of the minor posts under Government, the postmen and policemen and



THE HANDSOMEST SINGLE MAN AT THE SOUTHEND MALE BEAUTY SHOW: MR. GORDON FRYER.



# What Half-a-Crown Will Do

Some few weeks ago Lloyd's planned a new departure in advertising enterprise. It was to sell 100,000 complete Libraries and 100,000 specially designed, polished, and fumed oak bookcases, as an advertisement, in 100,000 homes, for LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS.

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So enormous was the response to our unprecedented offer to sell a complete library and a handsome bookcase for 2s. 6d. down and 5s. a month that in the first week 8,827 enquiries for libraries were received, and they have since been pouring in by every post. It became evident that 100,000 libraries would not be sufficient for LLOYD'S readers alone, and our aim was to reach new readers. So we have decided to increase the offer to 200,000 libraries and 200,000 bookcases.

## Largest ever Known

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## How the price is possible

The price had to be cut right down and the terms of sale made to meet the possibilities of a small income. The vast size of the undertaking made possible great savings by wholesale manufacturing (and that without cheapening the quality of paper, printing, or binding). Then, too, the 20,000 sets already sold have paid for the enormous cost of editors, engravers, type-setting, plates, etc. Besides which there are no middlemen's profits, and last, but by no means least, we are doing this to advertise LLOYD'S NEWS and not for a profit on the books. There is no advertisement on the books or on the fumed oak bookcase, but we believe that in every home they enter they will attract favourable attention and give us more advertising and more new readers than 100,000 big and costly posters on the hoardings. Altogether we are able to make the most extraordinary offer ever known.

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The twenty sumptuous volumes are precisely the same in quality of printing, binding, and paper as the 20,000 sets already sold to prominent people. Each volume contains 500 pages, 10,000 pages in all. They are beautifully printed on first-class book paper, the type being large, bold, and clear, and most grateful to the eye. Although the books are large, the superb quality of paper and bindings makes it quite easy to hold a volume with comfort.

## Decide at once if you want Early Delivery.

At the rate the libraries are being sold, only the promptest of the prompt can hope for early delivery. Orders are filed in rotation—first come, first served; and delay in ordering may mean weeks of waiting. Therefore, if you wish to make sure of a library, send at once (a postcard will do) for the descriptive booklet and specimen pages, sent post free.

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## Fascinating Interest

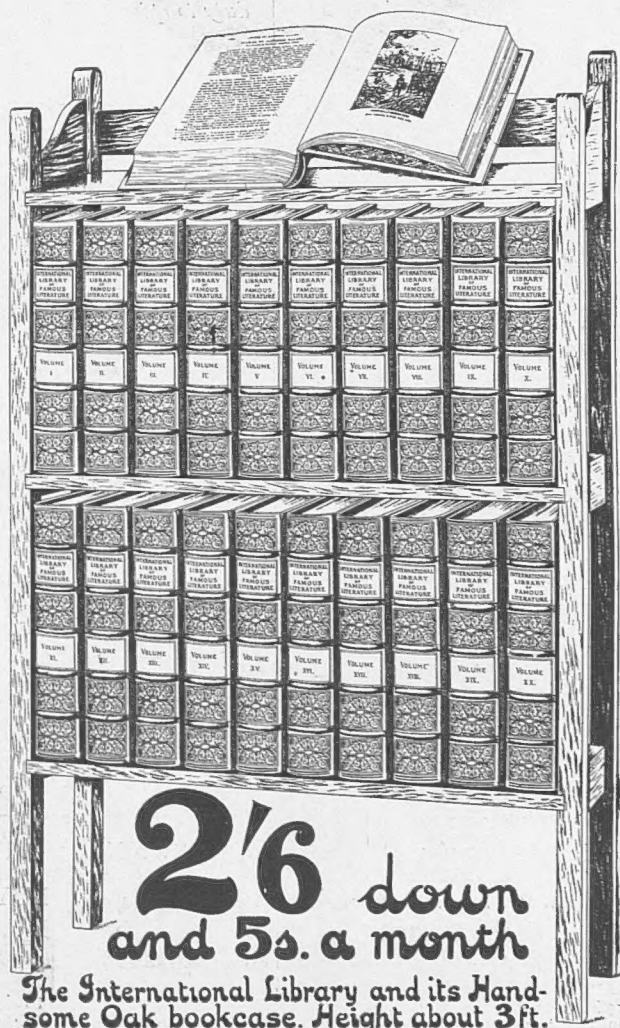
The 10,000 large pages contain only reading of burning interest that never fails to excite and enthrall the attention. We can tread the paths of wisdom in the company of Socrates or Solon; visit the grim under-world with Milton, Virgil, or Dante; turn the searchlight of Sheridan or Molière on the world's foibles; spend a rollicking evening in the delightful company of Fielding or Smollett; enjoy a refreshing hour or two in primeval forests with Wordsworth or Longfellow; join in the breezy infectious laughter of Douglas Jerrold or Mark Twain. We can thread the streets and alleys of old London with Defoe, Ainsworth, or Pepys; revel in history with Froude, Mommsen, Gibbon, or Curtius; hear the thunder of oratory of Demosthenes or Cicero, Burke or John Bright. We can be thrilled with weird stories by Conan Doyle, Hoffman, or Poe, or scour the Spanish Main with Clark Russell or Marryat.

## 500 full Page Pictures

There are some 500 illustrations, too, each occupying a page by itself, consisting of historical battlefields, homes of great authors, illustrious people of bygone ages, reproductions of rare pictures illustrating the manners and customs of other lands and other times. While pictures entertain every member of the family and serve to heighten the interest in reading, they especially attract the younger folks and awaken a taste for good reading.

## The Scope of the Library

Large as is the library with its 20 big beautiful volumes of 10,000 large pages, the editors have not found room for one uninteresting page. Of course, the English authors are most widely represented—from Chaucer and Spenser to Marlowe, Jonson, Herrick, Dryden, Evelyn, Izaak Walton, Pope, Sheridan, Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton, Macaulay, Stevenson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Yonge, Zangwill, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Bret Harte, Kipling, Hall, Caine, Jerome, and many, many more. The great foreign authors, European, Asiatic, African, and American, from Ancient times down to to-day, are also fully represented. Everything translated by able scholars into perfect English. In all, there are some thousand authors, providing reading for every member of the family, of every age, and of every taste.



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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, September 29 and 30.  
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LEAVING		LEAVING	
*CHARING CROSS ...	10 55	ASHFORD ...	12 25
+CHARING CROSS ...	11 10	HASTINGS ...	11 20
WATERLOO ...	10 10	TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	11 20
LONDON BRIDGE ...	10 25	(Changing at Tonbridge.)	
+NEW CROSS ...	10 13	BRIGHTON ...	9 50
EAST CROYDON ...	10 28	LEWES ...	10 10
RED HILL ...	11 12	EASTBOURNE ...	10 30
EDENBRIDGE ...	10 19	MARGATE SANDS ...	11 5
PENSHURST ...	10 34	RAMSGATE TOWN ...	11 15
TONBRIDGE ...	11 17	CANTERBURY WEST ...	11 55
CHATHAM (Main Line) ...	10 27	CANTERBURY SOUTH ...	12 2
STROOD (N.K.) ...	10 44	DOVER TOWN ...	11 50
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS ...	10 25	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	12 0
MAIDSTONE WEST ...	10 43	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ...	12 3
	11 8		12 17
	11 18		12 7
	11 30		12 34
	10 53		2 21
	11 8		
	11 28		
	11 32		

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First Class Tickets from London issued on Friday, 20th inst., will be available to return on  
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Special Trains will be run to London and principal Stations after the Races.  
For Return Day Fares from the above and certain other Country Stations, see Bills.

**WYE STEEPLECHASES,**  
MONDAY, September 25.

dep.		dep.	
*CHARING CROSS ...	11 45	TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	11 20
+CHARING CROSS ...	10 35	(Changing at Tonbridge.)	
WATERLOO ...	11 47	HASTINGS ...	9 22
LONDON BRIDGE ...	11 52	DEAL ...	10 48
+NEW CROSS ...	10 42	MARGATE SANDS ...	12 18
ASHFORD ...	10 50	RAMSGATE TOWN ...	10 55
RED HILL ...	8 35	CANTERBURY WEST ...	12 5
EDENBRIDGE ...	to	DOVER TOWN ...	12 15
PENSHURST ...	10 33	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	11 47
SEVENOAKS (Tub's H.) ...	10 54	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ...	12 54
MAIDSTONE EAST ...	11 3	SHORNCLIFFE ...	11 35
TONBRIDGE ...	9 44		11 40
	10 34		11 55
	11 33		12 0

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THE SON-IN-LAW OF THE KING'S HOST AT GLENQUOICH :  
MR. BAILLIE OF DOCHFUR.

Mr. Baillie, who married the Hon. Nellie Bass, is the son-in-law of Lord and Lady Burton, who are entertaining the King at Glenquich.

Photograph by W. Hyle.

an important point for those who like to save themselves useless fatigue. At Lochquich Lodge is a wonderful collection of sporting trophies, to which additions are made each autumn. His Majesty greatly enjoyed his last visit to Glenquich, and, thanks to the now indispensable motor, the Sovereign is able to take long drives over some of the loveliest as well as the most exquisitely situated roads in Scotland.

#### "Baillie of Dochfour."

Lord and Lady Burton are being assisted to do the honours of Glenquich by their son-in-law, the stalwart Scotch laird who, though he has no fewer than three first-names (those of James, Evan, and Bruce), is generally known as "Baillie of Dochfour." Mr. Baillie is doubly Scotch, for his mother, one of the most charming and sympathetic of those fair women who graced the Victorian Court, was a daughter of the House of Bruce, and the present Lord Elgin is her nephew: thus Lord Burton's son-in-law has had a lifelong connection with Royalty, his sister, then Miss Victoria Baillie, having been for many years Queen Victoria's favourite Maid-of-Honour. The Inverness laird's marriage to Miss Nellie Bass, the only child and heiress of Lord Burton, took place about ten years ago, and the wedding was a very great event, the bride being presented by her parents with what was described at the time as the most splendid tiara ever made. For awhile Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour counted among the Conservative hostesses, for her husband sat for Inverness for five years. Needless to say, he is an enthusiastic sportsman, and one of the most successful deer-stalkers in the Highlands. Mr. Baillie of Dochfour may live to find himself in the curious position of father to a Peer, for the Burton Peerage is ultimately to descend to the elder of his little sons, who is called Michael, after his maternal grandfather.

#### A Future King and Queen?

It is thought on the Continent that Norway's choice of a new Sovereign will finally devolve on Prince Charles of Sweden, the good-looking, good-tempered third son of King Oscar and Queen Sophia. The Duke of Westrogothia, to give him his official title, is a little over forty, but looks younger than he is, and his marriage to the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark was quite a love-match.

## SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE KING is now in that portion of his kingdom which has been well described as the heart of the Highlands, for Glenquich is situated, far from the haunts of men, in that lovely stretch of country lying to the west of the Caledonian Canal, and Lord Burton's charming Scottish home is on the shore of a loch sheltered by the beautiful mountains dividing Glen-garry from Glenmoriston. Glenquich is leased by its present possessor from the Ellices of Invergary. The estate is famed for its red deer, and, unlike many Scottish forests, is thoroughly well inter-sected with bridle-paths,

The happy pair are much beloved in Stockholm, where, till the marriage of the future King of Denmark to

our own Princess Margaret of Connaught, the young Duchess of Westrogothia was regarded as practically the leader of Swedish Society, for neither the Queen nor the Crown Princess cares for that rôle. Prince and Princess Charles have two little daughters, from whom they are never separated, and with whom they spend every moment of their spare time. The eldest of these, the six-year-old Margaretha, is known by the pretty nickname of "Princess Sunbeam"; her sister, who is two years younger than herself, bears the homely name of Martha.

#### A New Irish Peeress.

The new Lady Lanesborough will be a delightful addition to the group of beautiful Irish Peeresses. Her marriage in 1891 to the then Lord Newtown-Butler seemed particularly appropriate, for she was already closely connected with the Services. She was the grand-daughter on her mother's side of Admiral Sir James Stirling, and her father was a V.C. hero, Major-General Sir Henry Tombs. Moreover, her step-father was that fine soldier Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, who fell in the Gordon Relief Expedition. Lady Lanesborough—it will be some time before people get used to the new title—has won for herself a remarkable place in Society, for she has the irresistible combination of beauty, intelligence, and rare personal charm. The extent of her popularity was pathetically shown when she was prostrated by serious illness in Italy three years ago. She very nearly died then, and it seemed as if people in London could think and talk of nothing else but the daily bulletins. She now becomes the châtelaine of Swithland Hall, a pleasant seat in the Leicestershire hunting country, and also of Lanesborough Lodge, in County Cavan, close to the scene of the Battle of Newtown-Butler in 1690. Her son, who now becomes Lord Newtown-Butler, is a fine little boy of twelve, and he has two sisters, Lady Eileen, who is fourteen, and Lady Moyra, who is six.

#### The New Lord Lanesborough.

Lord Newtown-Butler, who succeeds to the Irish Earldom of Lanesborough owing to the death of his father, is a well-known man in Society. Although his father had served in the Navy, he himself chose the Army, and is already Major of the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, which is good, considering that he will not be forty till December. He served in the South African War with the Guards.



NOT "BOBS," BUT HIS DOUBLE: A CHELSEA PENSIONER WHO RESEMBLES THE FIELD-MARSHAL.

The Chelsea pensioner, William Grieves, formerly of the 28th Regiment, now the First Battalion Gloucestershire, is extraordinarily like Lord Roberts. He is photographed in a part of the gardens at Chelsea Hospital which is known as "Bobs' Castle."

Photograph by Rischgitz.



Lord Lanesborough has a great reputation for coolness and aplomb, which he showed in an amusing way on the day of his wedding, when one might, perhaps, be forgiven for being a little agitated. But he was perfectly calm, and when, as was then the idiotic fashion, he and his bride were pelted with rice, he executed a strategic movement upstairs, and returned clad in an enormous ulster buttoned up to his ears, in which he was not only rice-proof, but also satin-shoe-proof.

*Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.*

The most famous haunted-house in the kingdom, namely, Glamis Castle, is *en fête* in honour of the coming of age of the eldest son of Lord and Lady Strathmore, and the Scottish Earl and his charming wife are being helped to do the honours of the castle by their many children,

which include three fair daughters, of whom Lady Elizabeth is the youngest. Lady Strathmore is a first-cousin of the Duke of Portland, and has considerable literary ability, for by far the best account of Glamis Castle and of her husband's family was written by the present Countess. The castle is said to be the oldest inhabited house north of the Border, and there Lord Strathmore and his sons and daughters live in true feudal style.

*Lady Violet Elliot.* Indian Society has been fortunate of late both in its Viceroy's wives and in its Viceroy's daughters. The coming reign will surely recall to Anglo-Indians that of Lord Dufferin, for Lord Minto, like his suave and brilliant predecessor, is the father of three charming daughters, of whom the two elder, Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliot, lately made



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LADY STRATHMORE: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon is the youngest of the three daughters of the famous Scottish house, which is now celebrating the coming of age of the eldest son.

*Photograph by Maude A. Craigie Halkett.*

their début, while the youngest, Lady Violet, is only sixteen. Few girls belonging to the great world have led a more interesting and varied life than have the new Viceroy's young daughters. Lady Violet was only nine years old when her father became Governor-General of Canada, and much of her life has been spent in the great Dominion, where Lady Minto made the most of her unique opportunities in order to turn herself and her daughters into perfect skaters. Calcutta and Simla will prove the greatest possible change after Ottawa and Montreal; but who can doubt that Lord Grey's sister and nieces will adapt themselves to the new conditions, or that Lady Minto and the Ladies Elliot will win as golden opinions in India as they did in Canada?

*The New War Office.*

There is much speculation as to the meaning of the statuary groups which adorn the front of the new buildings of the War Office in Whitehall. One group, which appears to represent some children struggling in the arms of two elderly females, is clearly symbolical of our great and glorious military system: the respectable old ladies represent the one the civil and the other the military side of War Office administration, while the infants typify, in their struggling helplessness, the British Public. By the way, the inscription, "New War Office Buildings," so prominently displayed, seems liable to misconception. Only the buildings are new; the War Office remains the same, merely changing its shell like a hermit crab.

*Sarah in South America.*

With the news of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's successful first-night in Buenos Ayres comes the news of a terrible voyage. Of her large troupe, Madame Sarah herself was the only one who did not take to her bed and remain there, and for twenty-four hours, on Aug. 15, there were grave fears of shipwreck. Poor M. de Max and Mlle. Ventura must have had a sad *voyage de fiançailles*. They joined the ship at Lisbon, so as to avoid the Bay of Biscay, for both of

them are bad sailors, and the Bay was smooth. From Lisbon to the Argentine there was not one fine day, according to the letters I have seen. And Madame Moreno, who has been in weak health ever since the death of her husband, Marcel Schwob, and of her brother, which occurred with only a day's interval, is lying seriously ill in Buenos Ayres.

*Ellen Terry's Grand-daughter.*

The Terry family may surely be said to stand at the head of theatrical dynasties, and it is to be hoped that the fascinating actress who has lately witched playgoers in the title-rôle of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" will live to see her grand-daughter as famous as she is herself. Both Mr. Gordon Craig, the father of the clever little girl whose portrait we give, and her aunt, Miss Ailsa Craig, have inherited the artistic gift in a very high degree, and they are both, in their different ways, thoroughly original in their manifestations of this same gift. Miss Gordon Craig will doubtless make her début on a twentieth-century stage lighted by her own father, who is known to hold very strong views on the difficult questions both of stage-management and of stage-lighting.

*Windows Going Cheap.*

Deans and Chapters are curious creatures. The old rose-window in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, which was removed three or four years ago to make room for a brand-new memorial to the late Duke of Westminster, has now been presented to the Cathedral which is being built at Cape Town. Curiously enough, the east window of Chichester Cathedral, which was also removed in favour of a memorial to another departed Duke, his Grace of Richmond, is also to go to South Africa, having been bestowed by its Dean and Chapter on the Bishop of Natal, who will, no doubt, find room for it somewhere. It never seems to have occurred to these worthy clerics that a window designed and executed to occupy a particular position in a particular building would be pretty sure to look absurd if transplanted to another building. South African churches are doubtless not rich in stained-glass, but Colonial patriotism is likely to kick against this "dumping" of second-hand windows from England.



ELLEN TERRY'S GRAND-DAUGHTER: MISS ROSIE GORDON CRAIG.

Miss Rosie Gordon Craig is the daughter of Mr. Gordon Craig, Miss Ellen Terry's son, the daring innovator in stage-lighting.

*Photograph by Olive and Katharine Edis.*



A DAUGHTER OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: LADY VIOLET ELLIOT.

Lady Violet is the youngest of three daughters, who have seen a great deal of the world. At nine years of age she went to Canada, where she and her sisters became perfect skaters.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*



*"Dying" Pearls.* There is a splendid pearl necklace, originally worth £20,000, which is on its death-bed at the Paris Louvre. It has waned sadly, and our fair readers will agree that something ought to be done. What that something is there can be no doubt—the necklace must be removed from the museum to which masculine stupidity consigned it, and it must be worn. Reposing every evening on the satin-like skin of lovely woman, it would soon recover its lustre and value. Never mind the expert who declares that it only wants light! We would undertake to find quite a number of fair ladies who would be willing to sacrifice themselves, in the interests of the *Entente Cordiale*, by wearing the £20,000 necklace pretty constantly. These heroines would triumphantly "revive" the property of the French nation. Let Lord Lansdowne look to it. But here comes another horrid expert—a man, of course—who pretends that pearls have their personal likes and dislikes, and that they obstinately refuse to "revive" when worn by women with whom they are not in sympathy. Terrible thought! If the necklace really "died" under feminine treatment, there would have to be an inquest, and the stupid Coroner's Jury—all men, again—would find a verdict "that the deceased necklace perished at the hands (or rather, the neck) of Miss or Mrs. So-and-So, who is, therefore, guilty of pearl-slaughter."

*Toujours  
Roosevelt!*

There is considerable point in a recent American cartoon representing Mr. Roosevelt, as a widely smiling sun, engaged in eclipsing his frowning brother-planet, the Kaiser, while all the nations of the earth stand admiring the spectacle. Uncle Sam exclaims "Gosh!" and even the Russian representative, who has presumably been taking lessons in the American language, is moved to cry "Great Scottsky!" The War Lord must indeed be feeling sore, for his speeches no longer produce the avalanche of Press-cuttings which are understood to constitute his favourite reading, while the Peace Lord has but to wink or show his beautiful teeth for every newspaper in civilisation to stand at attention. "Teddy's" latest appearance before the public is, however, of a kind to make William hug himself—that is, if he has any sense of humour. It seems that a French journalist called on the President, and, having conversed with him on questions of military history and similar innocuous subjects, promptly cabled to his paper in Paris a most interesting account of the President's views on the War, and how he brought about the Peace, and what were the future prospects of Japan and Russia. Mr. Roosevelt was furious, repudiated the whole "story," and told the interviewer by telegram that his conduct was highly dishonourable. Maybeso, but evidently "Teddy" is unable to appreciate the delightful irony of the situation. For where did the naughty Frenchman learn the art of the "faked" interview? Not on the boulevards of Lutetia, but from the journalistic "hustlers" of the Great Republic. That is

an attachment which enables one performer to ring the whole peal of twelve bells. The automatic punctuality of this instrument would have delighted the apprentices of Old London who could not leave off work before the Bow Bells rang the Curfew. So irregular was the ringing that they at length sent a rhyming protest to the Clerk of the Bells. It ran: "Clerke of the Bow Bells with the yellow locks, For they late ringing thy head shall have knocks." As London apprentices of those days were very formidable men of their hands, the clerk made haste to reply: "Children of Chepe, hold ye all still; ye shall have Bow Bells rung at your will," and for centuries the apprentices claimed the prerogative thus accorded.

*A Bonaparte for the  
Caucasus.*

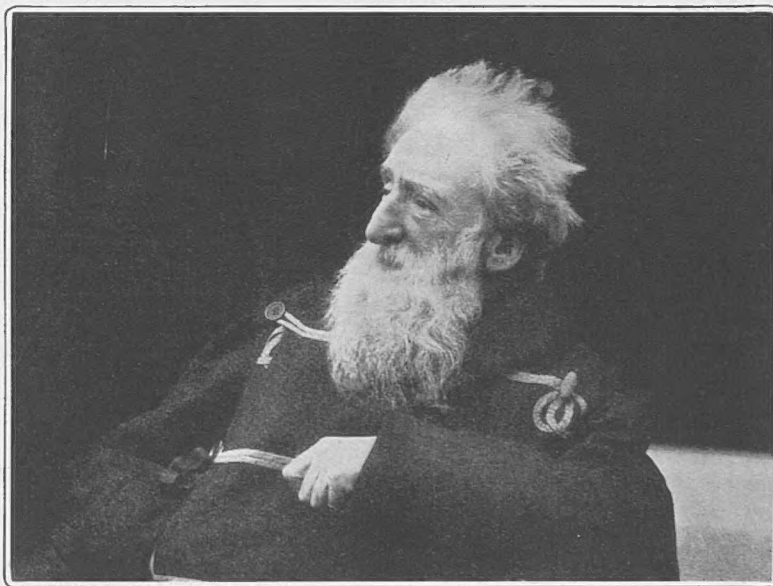
Parisians are delighted at the news that the Czar



A BONAPARTE TO RULE THE CAUCASUS:  
PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Czar has appointed Prince Louis Bonaparte Governor-General of the Caucasus. Both hemispheres have now a kinsman of the First Consul in high official position, for there is a Bonaparte in a Secretaryship at the United States Navy Department.

*Photograph by Topical Press.*

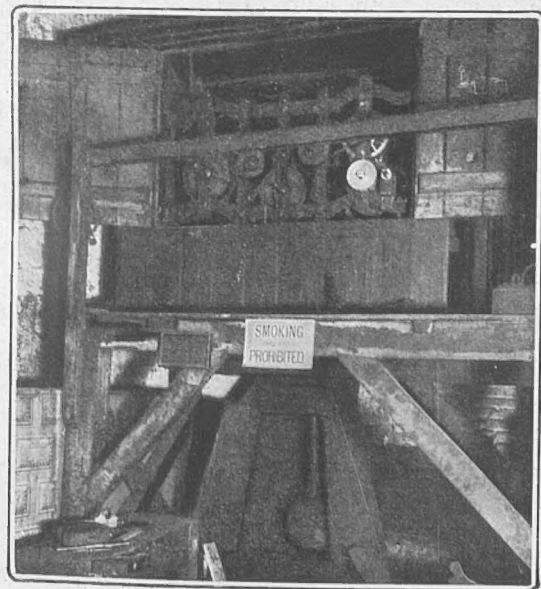


THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY: GENERAL BOOTH ON HIS  
MOTOR-TOUR.

The portrait of the General was taken at York during his recent campaign, in the course of which he travelled two thousand miles by motor-car. In November he proposes to begin a Continental tour.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*

has decided upon Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for the new Governor of the Caucasus, for, though they know very little about him, what little they do know they like. In fact, were there at any time to be another period of general discontent in France as there was in Boulanger days, and, later, in the early years of M. Loubet's Presidency, there is no doubt that Prince Louis would find support if he threw off disguise and offered himself to France as a King. France would not hear of another Prince-President, nor would she care about an Emperor. But a King, and that King a Bonaparte, may yet find favour one day, if he agree to govern with a Constitution modelled on that of Great Britain. Prince Louis is a very different man from his brother, and has inherited much of his aunt Princess Mathilde's high spirit. It was she herself, if I am not much mistaken, who once said of him, "Louis has always just done what he means to do before he tells you that he means to do it; not because he speaks slowly, mind you, but because he acts so quickly."



CHIMING BOW BELLS BY MACHINERY: THE NEW  
CARILLON APPARATUS.

the one country where, if you are anybody at all, you can count on being interviewed without notice. What does Mr. Roosevelt mean by attacking this flourishing American industry?

*Bow Bells rung  
by Machinery.*

On Nov. 1, Bow Bells will give out the famous "Turn again, Whittington," chimes by means of a clockwork apparatus. The machine has also

to do before he tells you that he means to do it; not because he speaks slowly, mind you, but because he acts so quickly."

*Heraldry and  
Commerce.*

It is most interesting to observe how this commercial age is adapting the emblems which had their origin in the age of chivalry. Crests and coats-of-arms are steadily becoming so many trade-marks, and very good trade-marks they make. The right to bear coats armorial becomes frankly absurd when it is granted, for example, to a Railway Company! A cynical old writer has revealed that, where no hereditary arms are known to belong to the party applying for a grant, the College of Arms "invent devices and emblazon them in the most applicable manner, so as to reflect credit upon their own fertility of knowledge, and to afford satisfaction to the anxious wearer of these new-fangled prototypes of ancient gentility." So Mr. Nouveau Riche, the moment he has got his new coat-of-arms, plasters it all over his estates and houses, his dinner-services and his table-napkins; and all that is his—you will find it even engraved on the hooter of his motor-car. Naturally, therefore, people of really old lineage are becoming more and more sparing in exhibiting the emblems of their descent. Of course, the Earl Marshal's Court has really no power to enforce its decrees. The last occasion when it did anything was at the beginning of the last century. The Heralds stopped the coach of a wealthy citizen on Ludgate Hill, and calmly painted out the unauthorised blazonry on the panels, to the delight of a jeering mob! A Committee appointed two years ago to sit on Heralds' College has not yet reported.



## THE MYSTERY OF GLAMIS: A "TRUE" MODERN GHOST-STORY.

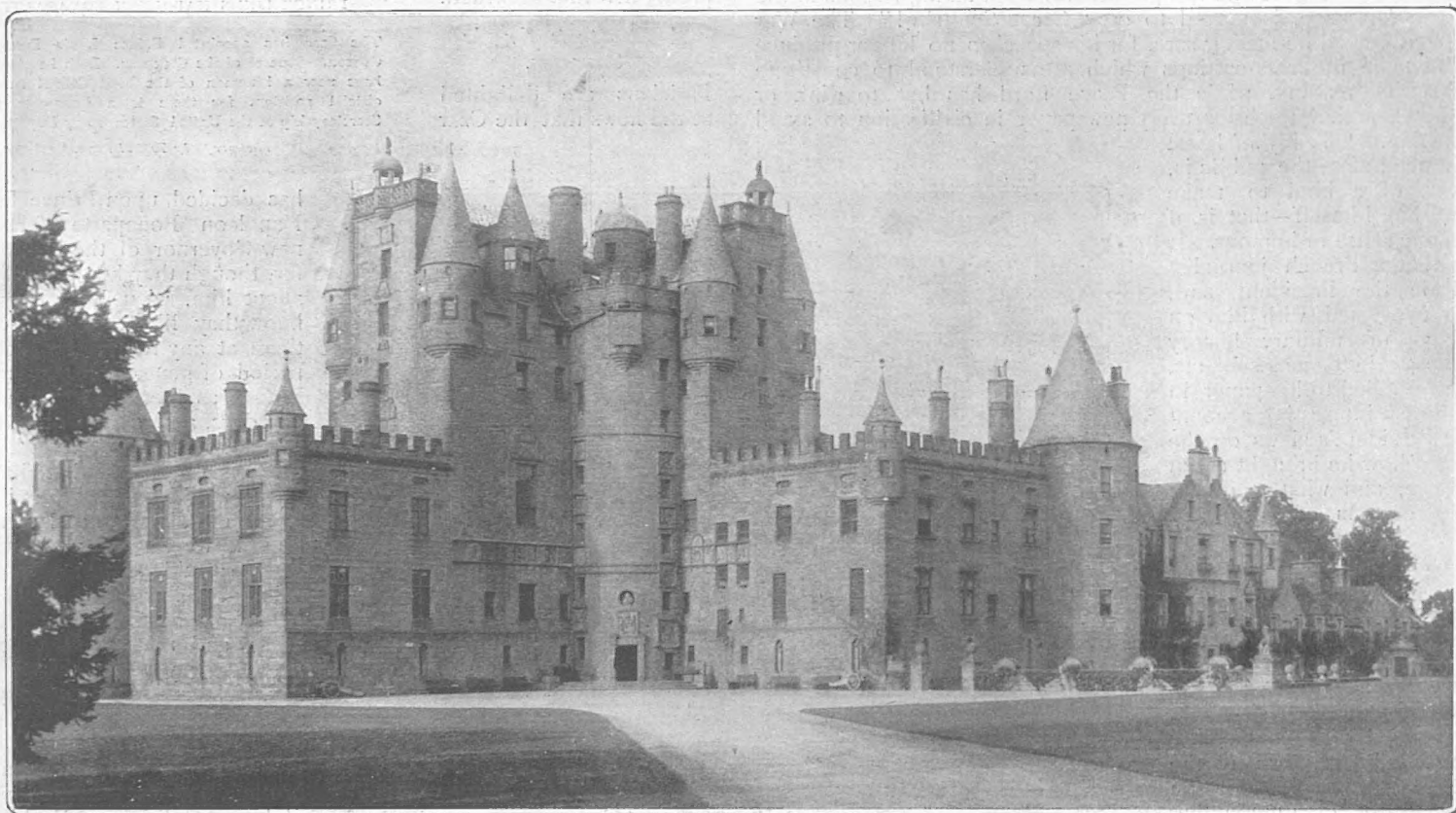
THE English reader may be tempted, by the eye, to pronounce this "Glam-ys," but, as a matter of fact, it is spoken as a monosyllable, "Glawms." Shakspeare, who knew a thing or two, also knew that. "By Simel's death I know I'm thane of Glamis"; and the rhythm shows that the author of "Macbeth," like some of our present-day novelists, had somehow or other managed to "mug up" his local colour.

Nowhere in all broad Scotland is there a finer specimen of the feudal residence than Glamis Castle, which, standing about five miles west of the Royal Burgh of Forfar, adorns the picturesque and fertile valley of Strathmore; otherwise known as "The Howe o' Angus." Though the name itself is Celtic—"Strathmore" meaning "the great strath," or valley, just as "MacCallum Mohr" signifies "the great MacCallum," or chief of the Campbells—this Howe o' Angus is now the purest and most distinctive part of Lowland Scotland in respect of speech and racial origin, so that Dr. Jamieson, a west-countryman himself, adopted the Angus dialect as the basis of his "Scottish Dictionary"—a work as monumental in its way as Glamis Castle itself.

Of this the origin is lost in the mists of a remote antiquity, but in its first form it must have existed long before the Norman Conquest.

The view from this sky-aspiring tower is unrivalled for its rich and varied beauty—a view bounded on one side by the tremendous barrier of the Grampians, and on the other by the less majestic outlines of the Sidlaw Hills. Away to the eastward, between those two mountain-ranges, spreads the picturesque valley of Strathmore—well-wooded, well-watered, farm-dotted, village-studded, mansion-adorned—till the Howe o' Angus merges into and is continued to the sea at Dunottar Castle by the Howe o' the Mearns. The immense valley is as fertile as it is beautiful—as witness the droves of Angus Doddies that browse and fatten on its stream-fringed pastures, from which they come to London to fetch the very highest price for beef in all the British market. Someone has said that where splendid animals are raised there also will the men be fine, and the rural men of the Howes of Angus and Mearns are without their physical superiors in all Scotland. The *ne plus ultra* of personal achievement is expressed in the North by the saying: "I hae done my best; the men o' the Mearns can do nae mair."

Standing in a region of the most picturesque beauty—on which "Thruns," by the way, looks down admiringly from its Grampian foothill—Glamis Castle is also the centre of a world of historical romance, which has engaged the pens of many writers, with the



A SCOTTISH HOUSE WITH A WEIRD LEGEND: GLAMIS CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE EARLS OF STRATHMORE.

Photograph by Maude A. Craigie Halkett.

for one of its apartments is called "King Malcolm's Room," where tradition has it that Malcolm II. died in 1033. It has been in possession of the present family since 1372, when its founder, Sir John Lyon, married the Princess Jane, second daughter of Robert II.; and, as her dowry, the King gave her husband a charter of the lands and thanedom of Glamis to be held in free barony. When Lady Jane Douglas, Countess of Strathmore, was executed—that is, burned at the stake—for witchcraft in 1537, Glamis was forfeited, for a time, to the Crown, and it became a Royal residence under James V., who often went there to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. The Strathmore family were ardently attached to the Stuart dynasty, and John, the fifth Earl, fell fighting for it at Sheriffmuir. The Old Pretender spent a night at Glamis in 1715, when on his way to Scone, where he expected to be crowned, and it is recorded that eighty beds were made up that night for his retinue.

In its present form the castle represents a combination of ages and styles, though the dominant one is what is known as Scottish baronial, which was borrowed from France, especially from Touraine. Those who know the beautiful castles of the Loire—some of which were garrisoned by the Garde Ecossaise of Quentin Durward—will find a strong resemblance between them and the turreted pile at Glamis. A Dutch artist, Jan van Sant Voort, carved the gladiators, satyrs, and lions, *rampant opposant*, which adorn the principal gates, while some of the ornamentation of the great central tower is said to be the work of Inigo Jones.

"Wizard of the North" himself at their head. There is reason for believing that Lord Glenallan, in "The Antiquary," was suggested to Scott by some tragic incidents in the history of the Lyon family; anyhow, it is but a step from Fairport (Arbroath) to Glamis. "Were days as they have been, I could throw her into the Massymore of Glenallan, and fetter her in the Keep of Strathbonnel."

There are few feudal castles in Scotland which are without their haunted chambers, and that at Glamis has always borne a proud pre-eminence among the number. But the curious thing about it, and that which differentiates it from other ghost-haunted chambers of the same kind, is that the owners of the castle have always shown a tendency, not to probe, but to perpetuate the mystery. Thus it is related that a slater who, working on the roof of the castle, came down and described the monstrosity which, to his horror, he had observed in the haunted chamber, was sworn in by the factor, given a pension, and packed off to Australia; for the awful secret is supposed to be confined to the Earl, his heir, and his land-steward, or factor. On another occasion—for so the silly legend runs—the Earl and Countess went out for a drive, leaving their house-party guests to their own devices. These guests amused themselves by hanging a towel out of every window they could find; but, on going outside, what was their astonishment to behold one window without a towel—the window of a room without any door to it! Popular superstition is a thing that dies very hard, even when its death-bed is suffused by the electric-light at once of science and historical research.

C. L.



## A POSSIBLE ROYAL FAMILY FOR NORWAY.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF SWEDEN AND THEIR FAMILY: THE PRINCE WHO WAS MENTIONED AS A POSSIBLE SOVEREIGN FOR INDEPENDENT NORWAY.

Although the Convention at Karlstadt to arrange terms for a legal dissolution of the bond between Norway and Sweden has not been running with perfect smoothness, there is little reason to apprehend a warlike issue to the crisis. Constitutional methods must in the end prevail, and, despite temporary hitches in the negotiations, there should be no serious barrier ultimately to a formal offer of the Norwegian crown to Prince Charles of Sweden. In "Small Talk" will be found some biographical notes of the Prince and his family.

*Photograph by Florman, Stockholm.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

\* By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WITH all possible respect to the purveyors of news to the public, I find myself welcoming the brief period that comes between the end of the cricket and the beginning of the football season. Many experts are a weariness to the eye and brain, and, now that the reporting of football and cricket has passed largely into the hands of the professional players, popular newspapers have become a terror to me. I can recognise the sub-editorial hand in a certain pruning of professional exuberance, but even a sub-editor



MARRIED A HUNDRED WIVES: THE ARCH-BIGAMIST WITZOFF AS A HINDOO MAGICIAN. ONE OF THE CHARACTERS HE ASSUMED FOR BEGUILING HIS VICTIMS.

Witzoff, who is now under trial in America for an extraordinary succession of marriages, assumed many characters. In one he took the name of Dr. L. W. De Lawrence, and practised Hindoo magic and Hindoo occultism.

Photographs supplied by the "Daily Mirror."

Chinee upon the Rand. It would appear that when this worthy Oriental is not delving for gold in the bowels of the earth he is apt to run amok, and if he is debarred from the form of exercise dear to his Hooligan soul the charms of Johannesburg and its environs cease to hold him. He deserts, not singly but in battalions, and he has to be rounded up in something after the fashion that was in vogue when "K. of K." went in pursuit of Brother Boer. One of the effects of the Heathen Chinee's contrariness is seen in the distribution of fire-arms to the gentlemen who fought against us and have hitherto been limited to sporting-rifles. All these matters are sport to the Opposition Press, but men who have a living to get in the Transvaal may be pardoned if they do not quite see the humour of the situation. When a Chinaman is on the war-path he does not fight under Queensberry rules, and murder does not fail in its appeal to him because of mere

cannot check the output of slang terms in which so many distinguished players revel. A bull in a china-shop is as nothing to these valiant men in the preserves of His Majesty's English. The result of their excursion is seen in a strange jargon-mixture of weird antecedents that must often baffle the intelligence of the plain man. Very soon we shall require the services of a Society for the Preservation of Shakspeare's Tongue from the assaults of the popular professional; even now, many of the cricket and football reports would be the better for a glossary.

*The Heathen Chinee.* My morning paper, for all that it inclines to side with the Government, is becoming rather sceptical about the success of the Heathen



THE ARCH-BIGAMIST WITZOFF WITH HIS PARAPHERNALIA AS AN INDIAN OCCULTIST.

Witzoff pretended to a first-hand knowledge of Eastern sorcery, and claimed to have lived as the "chela" or disciple of a priest. He is said to have been irresistible to women.

ethical considerations. He only pauses to ask himself if he has a fair sporting chance of getting clear away.

*Cause and Effect.* Many people will wonder why John Chinaman, who so often submitted to be murdered without remark when the most Christian Powers of Europe went to settle the

little trouble about the Pekin Legations, should suddenly develop bloodthirstiness. The conditions of enforced celibacy under which he lives have something to do with it, but a friend who knows China well has suggested another cause. He tells me that, when the agents of various industrial concerns were recruiting for the Rand, many Governors of Chinese districts offered condemned criminals the choice between the decapitation that was their lawful due and service on the mines. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The criminals aforesaid preferred to take the long journey before them with their heads on the old familiar spot between their shoulders. But even the moral influence of Johannesburg, combined with the salutary atmosphere of the compounds, has failed to eradicate criminal instincts—hence the present trouble. If this story be true, and, as I say, it comes from no mean authority, the Rand magnates will be well advised to insist upon a certificate of moral character before they take their next batch of Celestials from the Flowery Land. In the meantime I am not anxious to visit the wild places of the Transvaal where John Chinaman lurks upon the war-path.

*The Working General.*

I suppose the hardest-worked General in these islands is the venerable old gentleman named Booth who is not on the Army List and must the indignity of inverted commas in my morning

submit his title to paper. Really for a man of his years his energy is extraordinary, and, by reason of his implicit confidence in himself, he must wield an enormous power for good. At the end of a two-thousand-mile tour on a motor-car, General Booth turns up smiling at the Albert Hall, remains long enough to explain that he is too busy to stay longer, and then departs, in the pouring rain, to preach the gospel of Peace on Earth to the dwellers in the East-End. And November is to find him in Germany, where he will endeavour to improve the relations between Englishmen and the subjects of William the Silent. Thence he will visit Switzerland and France. I believe that Englishmen of every creed are learning to have a feeling of love and

respect for the fine old toiler who does so much good in his own noisy fashion, and maintains enthusiasm and a passion for work after labouring for more than forty years in the service of classes with whose problems our legislation seems inadequate to cope. When the Army of Salvation can afford to buy good brass instruments and employ trained musicians to play them, it will reach the upper classes and the Millennium will be at hand.

*Return Tickets.*

I was glad to read the plain words that Sir Joseph Renals spoke when a man was brought before him recently at the instance of a Railway Company for travelling with the return-half of a ticket a day after its validity was supposed to expire. The Alderman pointed out what is obvious to every sensible man, that the Company suffered no damage, and that it was a monstrous thing to hale a man to a Police Court because he returned a few hours after the time allowed by the Company's absurd bye-laws. To make the matter worse, the defendant had travelled on the Company's line for thirty years. A little plain speaking of the kind in which Sir Joseph Renals has indulged may do something to bring about a much-needed change in the restrictions that hamper those of us who must often travel in the train. I venture to say that the man who endures a London suburban service year in year out should be rewarded rather than punished when he actually travels after he is supposed to remain outside the Railway Company's premises. Indeed, whatever his sins may be, the daily journey should entitle him to remission of the most of them.



WITZOFF HYPNOTISING A VICTIM BY THE SILENT HINDOO METHOD.

During the trial it was alleged that Witzoff's magic had a very practical side, for he not only won the ladies, but contrived to relieve them of considerable sums of money. Some of his wooings succeeded in two days, and after a form of marriage he immediately deserted his brides. Our illustrations are from a book which Witzoff published in Chicago.



## THE SENSATIONAL ST. LEGER OF 1905: THE KING ON THE COURSE.



1. THE START FOR THE ST. LEGER, SEPT. 13.

2. THE RINGS AND COURSE.

3. THE FRENCH PAIR IN THE ST. LEGER: M. M. CAILLAULT'S "MAGON" (SPEARS UP) AND "NIMAY" (J. REIFF UP).

4. THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: MR. W. M. G. SINGER'S "CHALLACOMBE."

5. RUNNERS ENTERING THE PADDOCK AFTER THE ST. LEGER.

6. LADIES IN THE PADDOCK.

7. THE KING IN THE ROYAL BOX.

The result of the St. Leger was a complete surprise. Mr. Singer's colt, "Challacombe," landed the long odds of 100 to 6, and won easily in the record time of three minutes five and two-fifths seconds. Lord Crewe's "Polymelus" was second, and the favourite, "Cherry Lass," finished third.

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

"AN ANGEL UNAWARES" AND "CLARICE."

IT is said, and truly, that the public likes its play served up with a story. As a rule, it gets it: in fact, it frequently gets more story than the play can comfortably hold. It is not surprising therefore that the audience at the production of Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt's comedy at Terry's did not give itself up to the enthusiasm which may be met with at, say, Drury Lane. But when story is to be had for the asking everywhere, with its "strong scenes" and its "curtains" calling remorselessly for the sacrifice of naturalness and truth, when heroic sacrifices and misunderstandings are the rocks on which nearly every young author comes to grief, it is sad to find even the critical giving such a chilly welcome to "An Angel Unaware." Everybody, or nearly everybody, seems to have been puzzled and worried; but I am bound to confess that after the first fifteen minutes I saw things fairly clearly—and enjoyed them very much. The little comedy, despite its faults—which are unusually few—is a genuine and successful attempt to get out of the beaten track: there is about it an air of having grown naturally from ideas of character and views

characters are the American lover, played by Mr. James Carew with quiet forcefulness, and the Viscount, to whose cynicism Mr. Yorke Stephens gives a pleasant air of reality.

"Too little story" is not a reproach which can be levelled at Mr. William Gillette. There is no nonsense about "ideas" or originality with him. His recipe is, good, old-fashioned sentiment served up with abundance of those little tricks of stage-lighting which he may be said to have first brought to our esteemed notice, and those eloquent little silences which are always dear to the actor's heart. The curtain rises in complete darkness; gradually the furniture appears in detachments; and the play has been proceeding for something like five minutes before anybody speaks a word. The clock in "The Critic" was not more useful for begetting an awful attention in the audience. And when the speaking does at last begin, it is so faint that it can scarcely be heard. This phase passes (having roused the gallery to some exasperation), and



The Hon. Algernon Wood  
(Mr. Charles Maude).

Viscount Clair  
(Mr. Yorke Stephens).

Helen Benton  
(Miss Fanny Brough).

Nellie P. Francis  
(Miss van Buskirk).

Sir John Alexander, M.P.  
(Mr. Chris Walker).

MISS FANNY BROUGH'S RETURN: "AN ANGEL UNAWARES," AT TERRY'S.

The scene is from the First Act: The Morning-room, Mornington Dower House, on a Friday morning in April.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

of life, instead of having been constructed by machine for popular consumption: and there is (with occasional lapses) a spontaneity in the humour and an absence of staginess which is rare even in the work of authors of far more more experience than Mr. Harcourt.

Having explained that there is no story, I proceed to tell it. Nellie P. Francis, twenty-two, vivacious, irresponsible, irresistible, and magnificently daring, comes from Boston, U.S.A., to rouse a lethargic and middle-aged Viscount to a sense of his responsibilities, impresses upon him the necessity of marrying Helen, who is abrupt yet kindly, "a good friend," yet rather tired of being so called, hardened by disappointment in love, yet willing to love again—who is, in short, such a woman as Miss Fanny Brough plays with insight and understanding—and retires from the scene with a young American, who builds houses and offers her all the souls to save that such a missionary could desire. Obviously, with so slender a basis for three Acts, there must be much talk, but it is the talk of a clever man who has things to say and can say them wittily; consequently, it is seldom dull and often highly entertaining, and, though the first arrival of Miss Francis as an applicant for a vacant cookship in the kitchen relies more upon our credulity than a scene in comedy should, all her subsequent operations—if you can persuade yourself not to be puzzled—are very human and very delightful to watch. The part is played with a fascinating freshness and vivacity by Miss June van Buskirk, a young actress who is, I think, new to this country; and Miss Brough touches in the lights and shades of the part of Helen, its humour and its pathos, with the subtle hand of a perfect artist. Two other well-drawn

Mr. Gillette himself, youthful and business-like (nearly everybody in American drama seems so business-like), proceeds to unfold the story of the Guardian and his Lovely Ward. We have heard it all before, but that does not seem to matter. America is a new country, notable for the interest it takes in the hoary antiquities of the Old World.

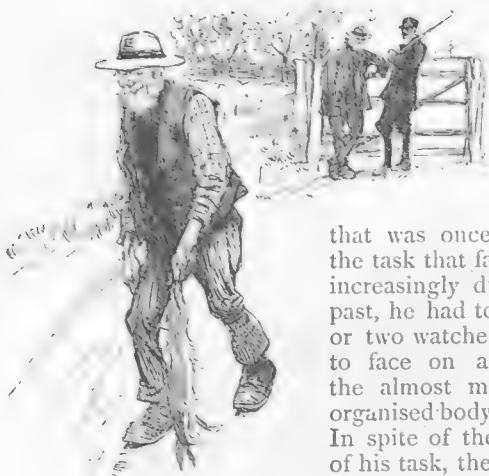
By the end of the first Act the Guardian-and-Ward motive proper is used up, for the Ward has discovered that he loves her at quite an earlier period in the game. The Worst-Woman-in-Anywhere motive now supervenes, and the wicked aunt, helped by a weak but not altogether wicked doctor, persuades the hero that he is in a galloping consumption and must send the heroine away. Then follows the Grand Finale, the two motives now appearing in combination, reinforced by a gloomy passage of intended suicide, which changes to pretended suicide of the hero, resulting in remorseful confession by the weak-kneed villain: and the symphony closes peacefully on a soft note of quiet rapture, with silences and lights to match. The audience of the first-night, beginning with enthusiasm, seemed to be oppressed with doubt towards the end, but it will probably be found that "Clarice" has been nicely calculated to meet the public taste. The love-scenes between the two principals are dainty and amusing, while Miss Lucille La Verne, as a real dark serving-woman, brings in interesting local colour and some real humour. As an earnest young man, Mr. Gillette is not quite in his happiest or most characteristic mood, but he plays throughout with a commendable sincerity which is worthy of better material; and Miss Marie Doro plays the Ward with intelligence and sympathy.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF A PRINCIPAL IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN."



Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



## THE POACHER'S PROGRESS.

AS the preservation of game extends year by year over land

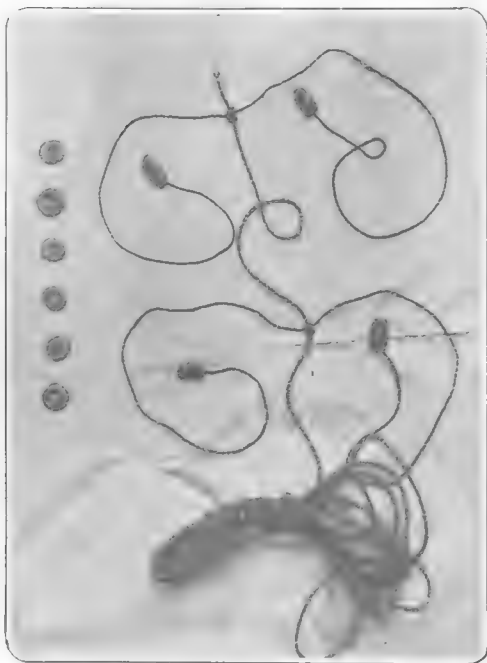
that was once indifferently cared for, the task that faces the poacher becomes increasingly difficult. Where, in times past, he had to avoid no more than one or two watchers, he must now prepare to face on all large sporting-estates the almost military tactics of a well-organised body of keepers and assistants. In spite of the danger and uncertainty of his task, the poacher perseveres, and a great majority of the preserves in these islands pay him tribute. Our

illustrations show some of the methods in general use. When the game has been stolen the reward is small. Birds cannot be sold in open market, and must be disposed of for very little to a class that is content to buy cheaply and ask no questions.

The poacher's biggest prize is, of course, a deer, be it red, roe, or fallow. Nowadays, the first-named is very hard to secure, though time was when the poachers of the Highland forests shared the "antlered monarch" with the laird, and even the shepherds, in order to get a shot at close quarters, were wont to hide where the red deer came to drink. In private parks, where roe and fallow deer are to be found, the iron bar shown in one of the pictures is the most favoured weapon. Gunshot might alarm a keeper, but a bar will serve to stun an animal that passes under the tree amid whose branches the poacher is hidden. Next to deer, the pheasant is most widely sought after, and many devices are used for his destruction. Pheasants roost in trees, and are sometimes shot with air-guns or rook-rifles that make little or no sound. At other times, brown paper and sulphur are fired under a branch where the birds are sleeping, and, if there is a light, favouring breeze, some are sure to inhale the smoke and fall to the ground stupefied. Another poaching method illustrated here is to lime a sheet of paper and roll it into the shape of a bag. The narrow end is then fastened to a twig, at a height calculated to bring it well within a pheasant's reach, and lightly dusted with peas. The pheasant pushes his head in to get the last pea, and when he seeks to withdraw it only succeeds

in pulling the paper from the twig. The birdlime holds him to the bag until he suffocates. A method still more cruel is practised in very cold weather. Balls of fat, with a piece of coiled-up watch-spring inside, are frozen hard and set in the birds' paths. When the fat is eaten it dissolves, and the spring, set free, brings the unfortunate bird to a cruel end. Partridges are sometimes snared with fish-hooks baited with dough, the hooks being attached to a fine line stretching across a meadow or stubble-field. Grouse and partridge suffer less from the poacher than any other game, for the netting work that is sometimes practised requires considerable skill, and demands the service of some

a good lurcher, he can turn up hares with ease, and, as puss always makes for a gate when pursued, the gate-net seldom fails to yield a profit to its owner. Tangled in the net, a hare is seized at once by the poacher and killed before it can call. Wounded by a shot or caught in a snare, its pathetic cry is widely heard and easily recognised. Rabbits are poached in many ways. Some men can lie above a rabbit-hole and catch their prey as it comes in or out. Well-trained dogs will snap rabbits or drive them out of hedges into ditches where nets are placed. Traps and gins work havoc if placed in proper position and lightly handled: the track of hare or rabbit is as plain to the eye of the trained poacher as the word on the printed page. Rabbits, too, find a very ready market. Every countrywoman with a large family to feed will give a shilling for a couple of rabbits that have not been shot, while if they can be got to market



THE GHASTLIER METHODS OF POACHING.

Frozen balls of fat enclosing watch-springs and lumps of dough concealing fish-hooks cause the poor bird that swallows them to die a ghastly death.

*Photograph by the Press Studio.*

two or three men, who cannot readily escape observation. Pigeons are sometimes taken as they come from cover by a well-directed blank-shot that makes little noise and avails to stun the bird, and blank-cartridge is used also for small birds that may be taken in the hedgerows and yield a palatable meal in response to a little kitchen care.

Hares and rabbits suffer most from the poaching fraternity, and the man whose skill will not carry him to well-preserved plantations often takes heavy toll of field and hedgerow. With the help of



THE LIMED PAPER BAG FOR PHEASANTS.

A paper bag, thickly limed, is fixed to a twig; in the bag are some peas, which prove too much for the bird, who has henceforward to walk about blindfold until he falls suffocated.

*Photograph by the Press Studio.*

they will fetch any price between ten and fifteen shillings the dozen. The poacher is never anxious to use his gun. However carefully he may hide it by covering the butt with his coat and sliding the barrel down the leg of the trouser, a keeper or policeman has a keen eye for shape if he suspects a man of poaching, and when guns are out it often happens that the temptation to fight for liberty is irresistible, and such fights lead all too often to penal servitude for life, or even to the gallows.

Netting rabbits, one of the most profitable tricks of the poaching trade, is worked by night, when rabbits are feeding. The approaches to their burrows are lined with loose green and brown netting in alternate strips, staked at intervals of about ten yards, and when all the burrows are screened in this way the poachers proceed to the far end of the meadows, and then walk towards the burrows, holding one end of a long cord that rakes the ground between them, or else carrying lanterns. The frightened rabbits bolt to their burrows, and, a few feet away from the desired haven, tumble headlong into the yielding net that envelops and holds them until the poacher comes along. A man is often left with the nets while two of his confederates work cord or lantern, for should one or two hares come to it and call out they might give the game away. If all goes well, a rabbit-drive may result in a haul of two or three hundred head.

While some poaching is associated with the true sporting instinct, many of the methods outlined here are adopted by modern Calibans of the countryside "whom stripes may move, not kindness."



## THE POACHER'S PROGRESS: SILENT WAYS OF KILLING GAME.



1. A RABBIT-GIN.

2. SNARING RABBITS IN THE EARLY MORNING OR EVENING.

The poacher fixes his net across a gap in the hedge, and a companion then drives the feeding rabbits into the snare.

3. SETTING A SLIP-WIRE FOR CATCHING HARES.

4. HIDING THE GUN.

The barrel is slipped down the trouser-leg, the butt covered by the coat.

5. SMOKING OUT PHEASANTS.

The poacher lights a fire of sulphur under the tree where the pheasant is roosting, and the bird soon falls unconscious to the ground.

6. POACHING PIGEONS WITH A BLANK-CHARGE.

A blank-shot is fired at the bird as it rises. The shock of the explosion makes little noise, but is sufficient to knock the bird over, when it is easily captured.

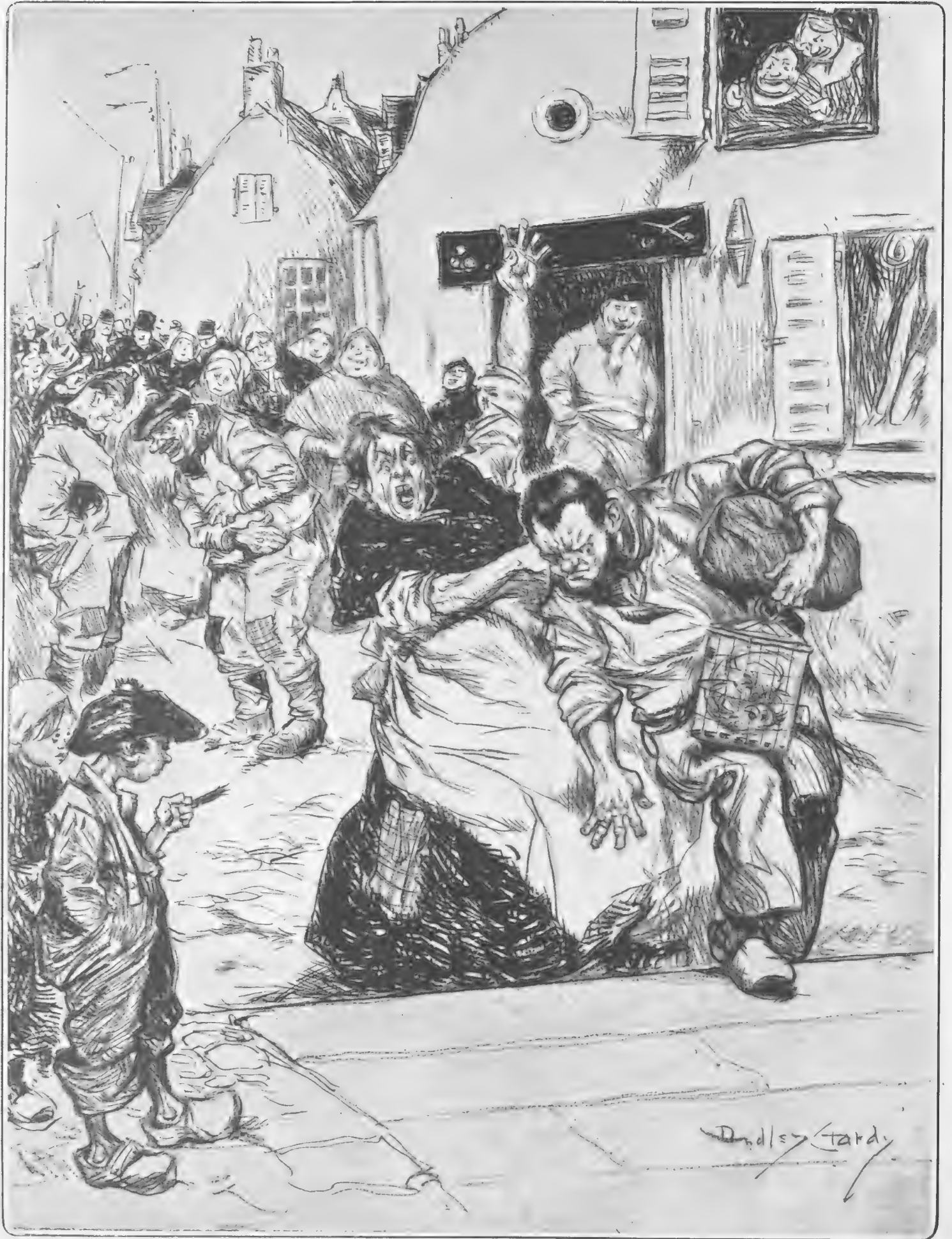
7. STUNNING THE QUARRY WITH AN IRON BAR.

The poacher climbs the tree, and when the animal comes beneath he drops an iron bar upon it and stuns it. Thereupon he cuts its throat.

*Photographs by the Press Studio.*

## SCARCELY "ENTENTE CORDIALE":

THE MUCH-MARRIED FRENCH TAR.



MATHURIN'S WELCOME HOME.

SKETCHED AT ÉTAPLES BY DUDLEY HARDY.



"BREAD EATEN IN SECRET IS PLEASANT."

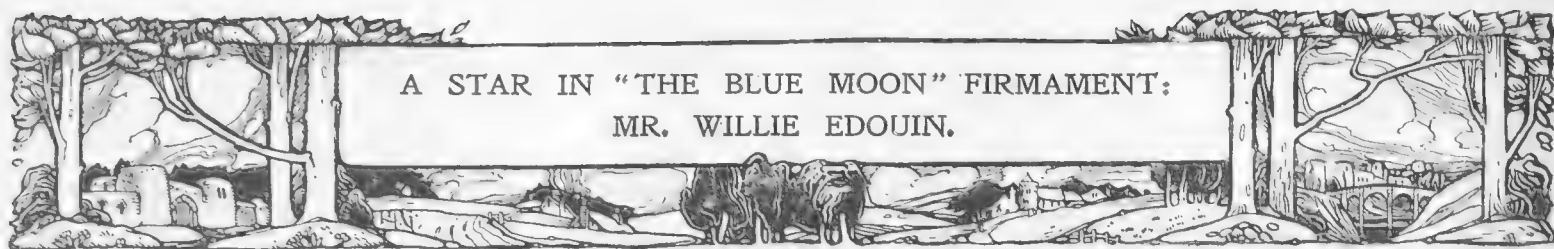
—SOLOMON.



THE WRONG INTERPRETATION.

FATHER (*catching his son amongst the fresh tarts*): Now then, Johnny, what are you up to?  
JOHNNY: Up to the ninth, Pa; but they're awful small.

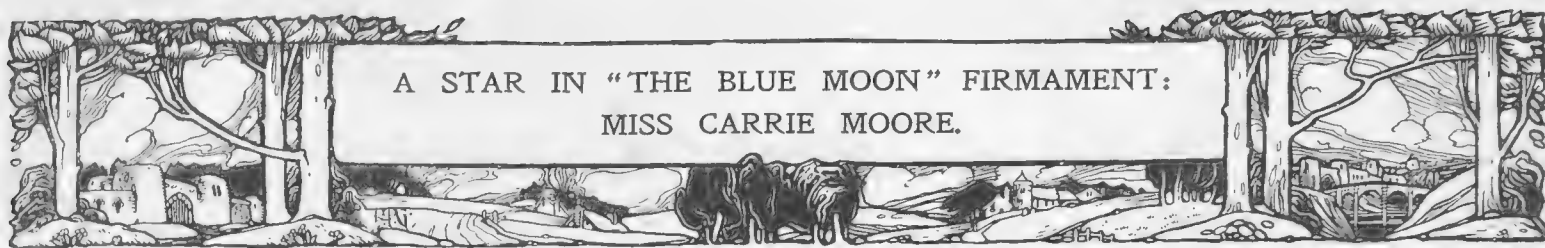
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



MOOLRAJ, IDOL-MAKER, JUGGLER, AND MARRIAGE-BROKER, PLAYED BY MR. EDOUIN  
AT THE LYRIC.

*Photograph copyright by the Play Pictorial.*





MILLCENT LEROY, A LADY'S-MAID, PLAYED BY MISS CARRIE MOORE  
AT THE LYRIC.

*Photograph copyright by the Play Pictorial.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

EVERYONE is talking of the *Times* book scheme. It turns out to be a very elaborately worked out and a very formidable affair. It is frankly announced that the *Times* Book Club is not established upon ordinary commercial lines. The *Times* is prepared to spend £100,000 upon the scheme, and to be remunerated not by additional subscriptions to the paper, but by the additional advertisements which these subscriptions are sure to bring. The scheme is two-fold. One part of it deals with the lending and the other with the selling of books. The lending is done on liberal lines. Every annual subscriber has a right to three volumes at one time, and a right to change any or all of these volumes as often as he pleases. He has a right, if residing within the London postal district, to have these three volumes, or any of them, changed at his address, carriage free, not oftener than once a week. If he resides in the country, he may either pay carriage himself or pay twenty-five shillings a year for free carriage to and from his nearest railway-station, not only once a week, but as often as he desires. New books are to be ordered on a very liberal scale. Fresh copies will be obtained whenever the demand proves to be greater than was expected. Theological, medical, and scientific books, as well as foreign books, will be included in the library service, and books of reference for which there is a demand will also be circulated. The books will not be disfigured by labels. Any volume that is stained or otherwise rendered unsightly will be immediately withdrawn from circulation. Biographies, books of travel, and other such works will be supplied as freely as novels. It is intended to satisfy those who complain that libraries favour novels as against all other works. Standard works will be the best editions, not obsolete versions in type that fatigues the eye and of an unwieldy size that fatigues the hand. It is obvious that these are very great advantages, and they are accessible to all town subscribers without one farthing of extra payment.

Still more novel and important is the scheme for book-buying. The subscriber will be able to purchase as many books as he wishes under extraordinarily advantageous conditions. Books are to be offered for sale to subscribers under four different classes. The first includes new copies sent to the subscriber fresh from the publishers' hands and charged at threepence per shilling less than the published price in the case of "list" books, and at the publishers' stipulated price in the case of "net" books. Clean copies that have been in circulation for about a month will be sold at discounts of 35 per cent. and 20 per cent. Sound copies used about three months will be sold at discounts of 50 per cent. and 33 1-3 per cent. After six months, volumes will be sold at discounts of 70 and 50 per cent. This system is based upon the plain fact that the proper time to buy a book is when one

has read it to the last page. The subscriber who desires to buy any one of the books supplied for his reading has only to send a post-card to say that he will retain the volume, or to ask that a copy of the book belonging to another class be sent to him. Monthly accounts will be rendered. A very important feature will be the instalment system. Serial payments will be taken for books of all kinds, though the smallest amount to which the instalment system of purchase may be applied is five pounds, and it will be applied to the sale of new copies only. These terms are also undoubtedly very advantageous, but it is surprising to see that all books are valued according to the same principle—that is, the same discount will be taken from a novel six

months old as from a first-class biographical book of the same age. This is done, no doubt, to simplify the system of distribution as much as possible.

What will be the result of this system on readers, publishers, libraries, and book-sellers? It is not possible to make any dogmatic response. Readers, no doubt, will be more abundant than ever. Buyers from the *Times* will doubtless be very numerous, though most people find that the chief incentive to buy books comes from the fact that they cannot otherwise be read. The number of those who wish to buy a book after they have read it is, I am afraid, very small. Publishers are likely to come out well enough. More of their books will be sold, and the terms are not impoverishing, while the advertisements will be worth their price. As to libraries and bookshops, I decline to predict. It has always to be remembered that the number of book-readers and book-purchasers in this country might be and ought to be trebled. If the reading habit gains ground, there is room for every efficient worker in the trade. Also, it is only those readers who can afford to pay in advance nearly four pounds for a subscription to the *Times* who will be affected in the least.

The *Times* says that the new system is not intended to interfere with either libraries or booksellers, and that it will serve rather to stimulate trade by providing new facilities the lack of which has heretofore restricted both the reading and the purchasing of books. "It is a fallacy to suppose that every new enterprise must be detrimental to existing enterprises. New London daily newspapers established within the last ten years probably have to-day a circulation as large as had ten years ago all the older newspapers put together; yet the aggregate circulation of the older newspapers has grown steadily throughout these ten years, while the newly established journals have found a body of new readers just as we expect to increase the number of those who read books and buy books. The increased cost of books and the discussion of books among our subscribers will have a direct effect upon other persons, and induce them to buy from booksellers more largely than at present."

O. O.



THE BOXER AT THE COUNTRY FAIR.

"Now then, Lidies and Gents, who'd like a round wi' the champion?  
Tuppence a time! Walk up! Walk up!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "THE BLUE MOON,"  
AT THE LYRIC.



MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS CHANDRA NIL (THE BLUE MOON), A SINGING-GIRL,  
AND IN ENGLISH DRESS.

*Photographs by Bassano.*

## BOGUS ANTIQUITIES: THE MANUFACTURE OF SHAM WORKS OF ART.



1. A STUDIO WHERE THEY COUNTERFEIT ROYBET.

2. SPURIOUS ROYBETS AND THEIR MODEL.

3. THE MANUFACTURE OF A BOGUS MUMMY.

4. MAKING SPURIOUS ANTIQUE STATUETTES.

5. SPURIOUS LOUIS XV. STATUETTES.

6. MAKING SHAM ANTIQUE FRAMES FOR MIRRORS.

7. FINISHING A FALSE PRIMITIVE OF THE VIRGIN.

Since the discovery that the famous tiara of Saitaphernes at the Louvre was a forgery, hardly a week has passed that some museum or collection has not discovered that something it valued was worthless. Quite recently a distinguished collector going to an exhibition at the Petit Palais was thunderstruck to see a canvas exactly the same as one in his own gallery. Fearing for the authenticity of his own picture, he caused inquiry to be made, and discovered that all the paintings in the exhibition were forgeries. Further investigation has revealed the existence in Paris of a tremendous traffic in the forging of works of art. It has its centre in Montmartre, the headquarters of humorous rascality. The work is carried out with all the artistic address that we associate with the delightful villains who congregate round the virginal white dome of the Sacré Cœur.



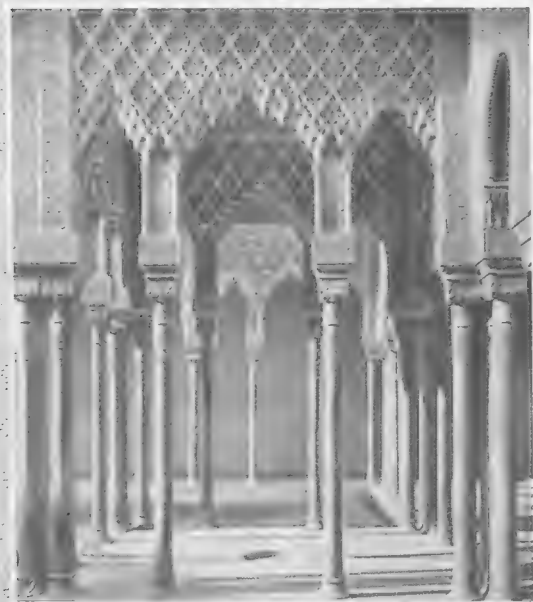
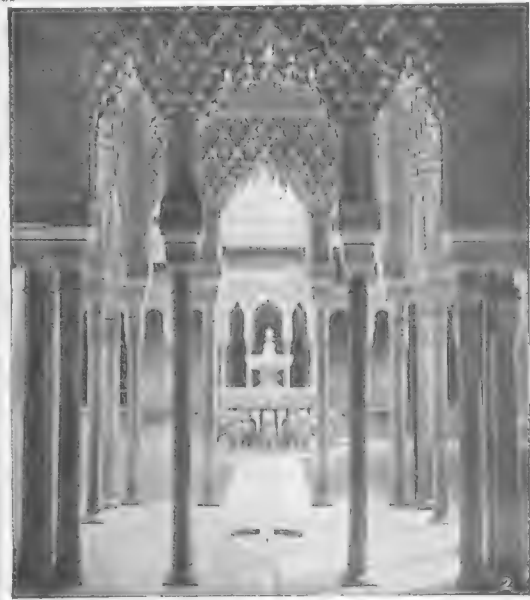
THE CULT OF THE CHILD'S CAP: THE HEAD-DRESS IN EUROPE.



1. SIMPLE HEAD-DRESS. 2. SCANDINAVIAN HEAD-DRESS. 3. THE FLORENTINE STRAW BONNET. 4. ELABORATE LACE BONNETS.  
5. CHILD'S EMBROIDERED HEAD-DRESS. 6. LACE HEAD-DRESS. 7. ART EMBROIDERY ON THE HEAD-DRESS.

A fascinating history could be written of the close, embroidered cap as it occurs among the European nations. Less than a century ago in Scotland it was considered almost impious not to put one on an infant, and among the peasants of northern Europe the babies still wear them. An especially elaborate cap is used at baptism. The Frisian cap is famous, and so are the picturesque head-dresses of the Norman and Breton peasant-women. In Denmark it lingers only in the island of Marken. Charming examples of the Dutch cap appeared the other day at Flushing on the heads of two country-girls who cycled into the town to see King Edward.

THE THREATENED RUIN OF A LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE'S GREAT-GODMOTHER :  
THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA.



1. IN THE COURT OF LIONS.      2. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE COURT OF LIONS.      3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.  
4. THE HALL OF JUSTICE.      5. THE COURT OF AMBASSADORS.

The Curator of the Alhambra has warned the Spanish Government that the building, the most exquisite relic of Moorish art and architecture in the world, is in danger of falling to pieces. For seven centuries it has withstood war and earthquakes, but the palace now shows signs of yielding to time. Spain is not over-affluent, but she can be trusted to do what is necessary to preserve this wonderful monument.

*Photographs by Frith.*



*Some Social Pests.*



VI.—THE HEART-BREAKER.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

"**L**ORD, what a guy I look!" said Mrs. Inglesham. She stood before the elegant white-and-gold mirror in the elegant white-and-gold boudoir in which she had always looked as glaringly out-of-place as a full-blown peony in an orchid-house, and surveyed her reflection with frankly contemptuous eyes. For the sake of her own peace of mind she had never dared to look at herself frankly before, but to-day a great change had come to her. It was a relief to be honest with the figure which looked back at her out of the long glass. With a sort of amused curiosity she studied its face, its beautifully dressed hair, its gorgeously inappropriate tea-gown, of a crude petunia shade fashionable at the moment, which Mrs. Inglesham—the Mrs. Inglesham of yesterday—had persuaded at least one-half of her mind to consider becoming to her. Now, looking at it in this new light of reason, of emancipation, she realised how hideous it was. The realisation did not seem to affect her unpleasantly. She eyed the tea-gown for a moment longer, and laughed.

"I'll go and have it out with the old man," she said.

With a step lighter than it had been for years, she swept serenely up the great staircase, trailing the petunia draperies after her with a crisp rustling of silk. At the door of Inglesham's sanctum she paused for a second. It was a place from which she had always felt herself excluded—a place in which mysterious business was transacted, mysterious millions were gambled with, in a way she did not profess to understand. There had been many things in Inglesham's amazing career which she had not understood, from which she had been shut out, as it were, by a barrier of fine clothes, and diamonds, and carriages and horses, and a hundred other agreeable trifles appropriate to her position, if as inappropriate to her character and upbringing as the petunia tea-gown. But now that the crash had come to Inglesham, she had reached a point which she understood perfectly, and the barriers of wealth and luxury troubled her no more. Yesterday she would have knocked at the door of that fateful little room; to-day she went boldly in.

Inglesham was sitting at his desk, dully considering the meaning of his position. He was not a sentimental man, but the thought that had been with him during those last few weeks of anxiety had been the thought of his wife. He had always heard that women felt these things so keenly—that they resented the loss of the superfluities of existence more, perhaps, than its necessities. Poor Polly—she had been "Mary" for the last ten years, but the old name seemed to come more naturally to-day—poor Polly would lose everything she cared for: the carriages he had been so proud to give her, the diamonds in which she looked so vulgarly handsome, the fine clothes which never seemed to fit her, no matter how much they cost, and the fine friends in whose society she had always seemed so awkward, so big and bouncing, and irrepressibly impossible. He sighed a little as he considered his wife's social career. He had always realised quite clearly that it had not been a success, and his only consolation was that she had never seemed conscious that anything was wanting in her, or detected the difference between herself and the women composing the rather smart set in which she was so utterly and conspicuously out of place. . . . And now the smart set would know her no more!

He looked up almost nervously as she entered. Probably she was going to reproach him—it was only what he deserved. Somehow he quailed and felt small before this big, handsome woman in the petunia tea-gown whom his folly had suddenly reduced to poverty.

"So you're in a hole, Morris," she said, quite calmly. "You might have told me, I think."

Morris Inglesham bent his head.

"I'm—sorry," he said, almost humbly.

She looked at him for a moment, and then sank, creaking and rustling, into a chair.

"Yes, I suppose you are," she said. "I thought you would be—that's why I came. You're sorry!" She laughed suddenly—a short, fierce little laugh. "Well, I'm a fool, I suppose, Morris, for I'm not sorry at all—I'm glad."

Inglesham stared at her helplessly.

"Glad!"

She nodded, smoothing out, with a hand blazing with rings, the stiff folds of petunia silk.

"Yes—glad. Gladder than I have been about anything for years. Oh, I know you thought I was contented—that was just all I could do for you, and I managed to do it—somehow. I played the game, and let you think I liked it. . . . Morris, I loathed it!"

Inglesham could only sit silent, in ever-increasing amazement. She went on—

"I'd never have let you know if it hadn't been for this—I used to wonder sometimes how I'd go on, always pretending, to the very end; it didn't seem possible at times, but I should have done it, Morris—I wouldn't have given you away. I never was cut out for a fine lady, and I haven't been a success. You should have had another sort of wife—I've thought that often, and you've thought so too. No, don't

shake your head; you're too clever a man not to have thought it, and too good a sort to have shown it to me. But I'm not a fool, and I know. I've seen other women, no better than I am—you wouldn't tell them from born duchesses. I don't know how they do it. My poor old dad kept 'The Dog and Duck' at Comberford—and I think I've carried 'The Dog and Duck' with me all my life, wherever I've been." She laughed. "You remember the day I was presented, don't you?" she said. "Well, 'The Dog and Duck' was in my mind then. It amused me to think how proud the old folks would have been to see me that day—there wouldn't have been any holding them after that! But it bored me—I felt sick and frightened, and hated it; I only went through it for you. I've hated it all for years—it's an artificial life, Morris, and it hasn't done me any good. I'm thankful it's over."

Inglesham could not find words. She went on smoothing the folds of petunia silk, but more softly.

"I remember at a Penny Reading at home," she said, "someone recited a poem once about a girl—just a village-girl, like me—who married an artist; and the artist wasn't an artist, but a fine gentleman, only he never told her so until he took her to his great house and showed her all the beautiful things that were to be hers. And she was so fond of him, she never said a word—she pretended she was awfully pleased, and he never guessed she wasn't. And she turned herself into a great lady to please him, and everyone thought the marriage such a success; but the state and splendour she had never been born to preyed on her mind, and in a little while she died. I suppose I'm not a dying sort. I remember I thought the girl silly at the time, but I don't now. I understand exactly how she felt. I think the man who wrote that poem must have known a lot about women."

She rose suddenly to her feet, with an irrepressible movement of freedom—of escape.

"My goodness, how heavenly it is!" she said. "I shall never have to bother my head about saying the wrong thing or doing the right one. I shall never have to fool about with these silly Society women, with all their stupidities and hypocrisies, their pet charities and their queer love-affairs, and their card-playing and smoking, and all their other nonsense and wickedness. I'm only Polly Inglesham, of 'The Dog and Duck' at Comberford—I don't understand their ways, and never shall. Oh, I'm going to be so happy, Morris—you just wait and see! We'll have a little house in Comberford, and I'll cook you such dinners—you've forgotten what dinners I used to cook, haven't you? I'm sick of these messy little kickshaws that have names you can't lay your tongue to, and eating strawberries when they're a guinea a plateful, and everything else that's silly waste of good money."

Speech came to Inglesham at last—in a sudden gush of shame, of remorse.

"My God, Polly, what a brick you are!" he said. "And what a fool I've been. I was ashamed of you—I thought you different from other women, who picked up manners, and ways of speaking, and things like that—little, wretched things that don't matter. I thought you might have made yourself more like them—and if you had, you'd have been rolling me in the dirt to-day, instead of sticking to me like this. . . . But there's worse than you know, Polly—I've gambled with other people's money, as well as my own, and lost it. I didn't mean any harm, but the harm's done, all the same. People will call me a swindler—you must be prepared for that."

Mrs. Inglesham laughed.

"I'm quite prepared for it," she said. "I expected it—you see, I learnt a thing or two in high Society, if I didn't learn manners. I've saved a little of my own, Morris—you gave me more than I was able to spend. I was just totting up what I've got, and I think you can pay the people whose money you gambled with. Look! I put it down on a bit of paper to show you."

She held out a crumpled slip of paper to Inglesham. He studied it for a moment, and looked up. There were sudden tears in his eyes. "You—you've saved my name, Polly," he said, hoarsely. "I can look them all in the face now. . . . I don't know what to say—how to thank you."

She looked at him for a moment, smiling. Somehow, the hideous crudeness of the petunia tea-gown faded away as he looked at her. Many things faded away—the memory of a hundred little disappointments, a hundred little pangs of shame, of disgust at her blatant vulgarity, her too-obvious want of tact or taste. She had said the wrong thing and done the wrong thing so often—the little, galling, wrong things that do not matter, perhaps, but that can make people supremely uncomfortable. He forgot them now—they were as though they had never existed. In the last half-hour she had atoned for them all.

The petunia silk rustled stiffly as she came over to him, holding out her hands in a gesture of forgiveness, of tenderness, which nothing could cheapen or undo.

"Yes—you can look them all in the face," she said. "I can give you that, at any rate—it's my doing, isn't it? . . . It's all right, Morris; you mustn't mind what you thought of me—I don't, not a bit. I'm only Polly Inglesham, from 'The Dog and Duck'—I can't make myself anything else, even to please you. But it's quite all right. Never say die, you know, old man—we're going to start life over again, with our hands clean, and the rotten money can go to blazes for all I care. Look at me—see the figure of fun money and fashion have made of me! I've been 'The Vulgar Mrs. Inglesham' for ten years—now I'm going to take a holiday!"

THE END.



THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES; OR, LIKE CURES LIKE.



THE NEW CURE.

"'Allo, Mr. Giles! Wot yer spreading all the straw about for?"

"Well, yer see, I've been feelin' uncommon porely lately, so I'm going ter try the fash'nible London cure.

Wot's good for them's good for me, I says."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

## COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—XV. DERBYSHIRE.

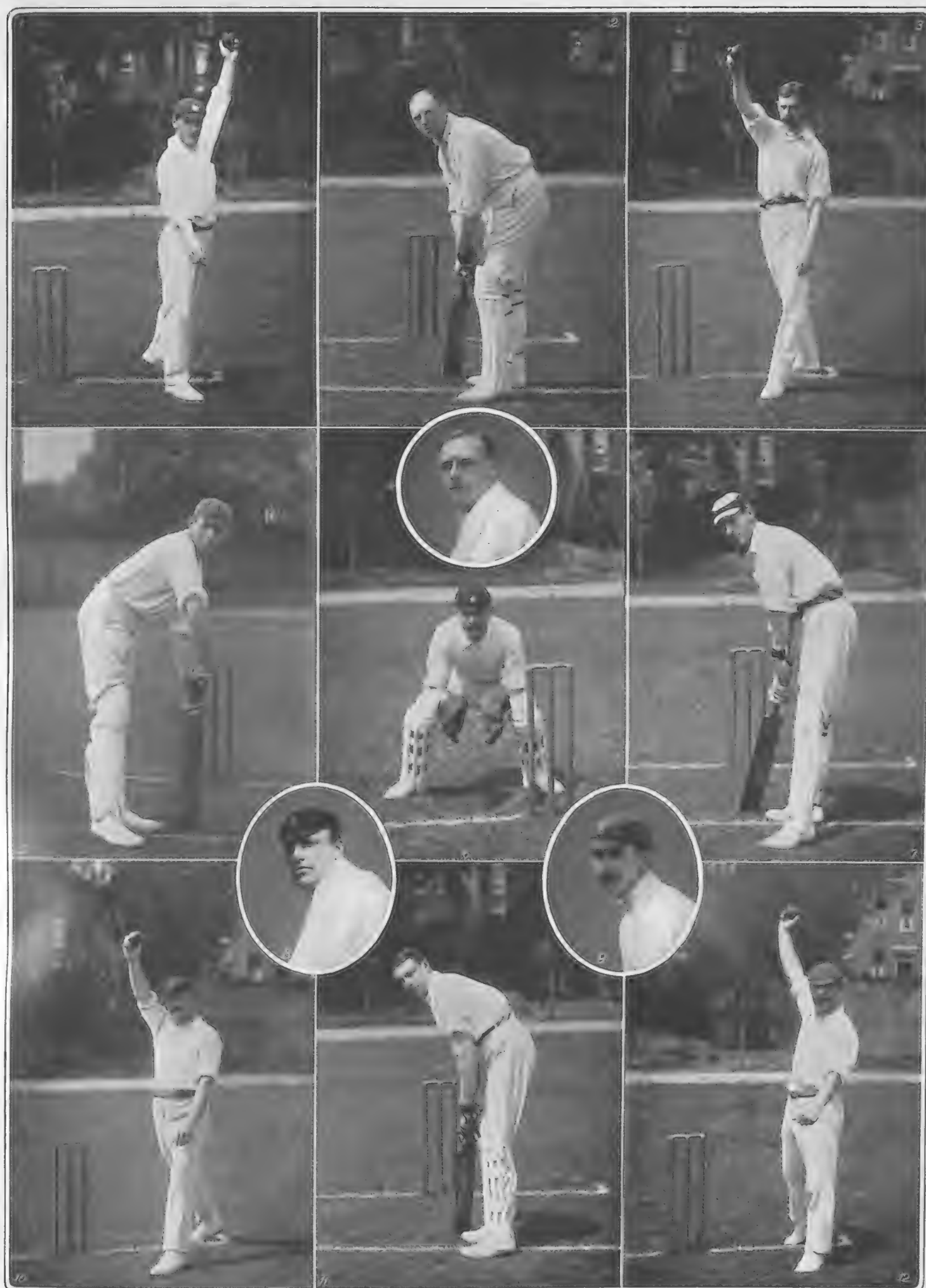


1. WARREN. 2. L. G. WRIGHT. 3. CADMAN. 4. E. M. ASHCROFT (CAPTAIN). 5. NERDHAM. 6. A. E. LAWTON. 7. F. C. HUNTER.  
8. HUMPHRIES. 9. C. A. OLLIVIERRE. 10. BESTWICK. 11. MORTON. 12. STOKER.

*Photographs by Foster, Brighton; and Bowden Brothers, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.*



COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—XVI. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



1. COX. 2. T. HORTON. 3. H. HAWKINS. 4. W. H. KINGSTON (CAPTAIN). 5. L. T. DRIFFIELD. 6. B. C. SMITH. 7. R. F. KNIGHT.  
8. H. E. KINGSTON. 9. C. J. T. POOL. 10. EAST. 11. E. M. CROSSE. 12. THOMPSON.

Photographs by Foster.

A PARISIAN STAR NOW AT THE ALHAMBRA.



MLLE. ANNE DANCING THE PARISIAN DANCE "MAXIXE":  
FOR ROSI.  
May.



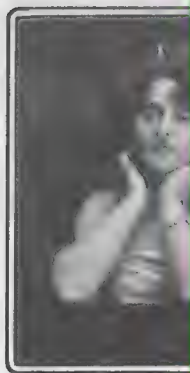


1. "DERNIER ATOUT": A FINE
3. THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC
5. TRAINING THE DOGS BY PISTOL

The "griffon d'arrêt à poil dur" reputation had almost vanished. One of his great

CE "MAXIXE."

# SPORTING-DOG.



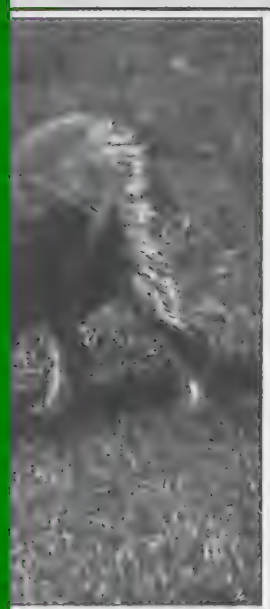
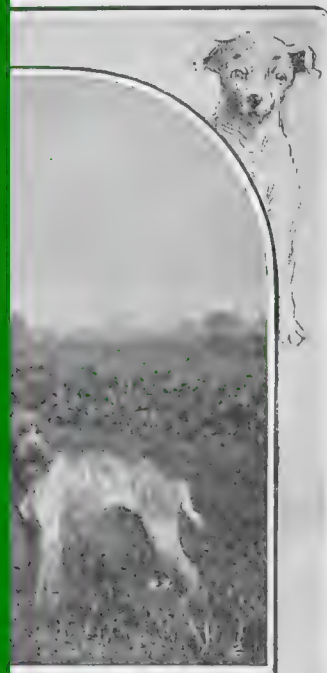
MR. FORBES distinctive which, re evening. Instead leading lady, or a s with the position playgoers familiar v under the manage know how to get th the way pointed Mr. Forbes-Robert to Charlotte Stree produce the plays

Uncrushed by t much, Mrs. Brown- has been reciting concluded an arran in Glasgow, Man dramatic scena dea Potter will, it need will follow out Mrs an integral part of t a singing part.

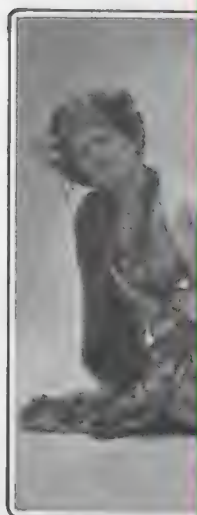
The association of Miss Ellen of "Captain Brassbound's Cony year, is a matter not only of inte Miss Terry has long been regar actress, and it is by no means who is regarded as America's g on the other side of the Atlantic that Miss Rehan had arranged f Shaw's play this year are quite to take a long holiday.

All the same, Mr. Shaw will American stage as he will be on Island" will run under the direc been so successful with "Candida Superman," with Mr. Robert Lor been produced.

At the same time, Mr. James is preparing to a



AND "GIRQUETTE."  
"GRIFFON D'ARRÊT" SCENTING CAMP.  
MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN GRIFFON CLUB.  
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"THE CRO





In the days of Beethoven.



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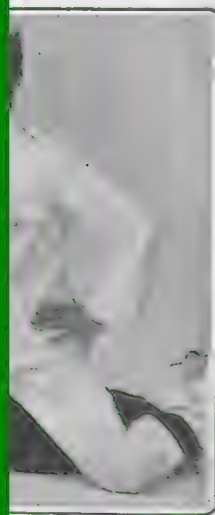
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particularly fine example of which I have recently inspected. Only a craftsman of the highest skill could, first of all, design and then execute the foliage and delicate lace-like effect of the conventional flowers, and very certainly no "old paste" could approach its merits. Like all work done by the Parisian Diamond Company, it is fine in execution and unsurpassable in good taste.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

SERENA (Singapore).—You will find two or three evening-gowns in dark tulle very useful: cigar-brown, emerald, and sapphire, perhaps. They are light to carry, but do not soil easily. If Ernest had your measure, or Kate Reily, either would make and despatch them quickly. You could send measurements by post. SYBIL.

#### THE LATE MR. L. F. AUSTIN.

WE regret to record the death, which took place suddenly at Brighton on Sept. 16, of Mr. L. F. Austin, one of our most brilliant contributors. For many years Mr. Austin wrote in these pages a causerie under the heading "At Random," and when the series ended many of the papers were afterwards included in a book bearing the same title. As a reviewer our readers knew him well. Mr. Austin, whose literary activity was extraordinary, wrote the weekly "Notebook" in *The Illustrated London News*, and there perhaps he was at his happiest. But his pen was everywhere, and, in spite of the multiplicity of his work, he kept up a wonderful level of excellence. Mr. Austin was born in Brooklyn and educated in Liverpool. Since 1875 he had been a Londoner of the Londoners. In dramatic circles he was a familiar and welcome figure, and he was the intimate friend and literary adviser of Sir Henry Irving. For some little time he had been unwell, and was confined to his room for at least five weeks by an attack of gout, but no one suspected that his health was seriously imperilled. Although a prisoner, he continued to write with his customary brilliancy, for he allowed nothing to come between him and his work, and when at last he was able to travel to Brighton we hoped to welcome him back restored at no distant date. His death, at fifty-three, removes a very charming personality, and he is sincerely mourned by his friends and colleagues everywhere.

#### THE "TELEGRAPH'S" JUBILEE.

Miss Sketch offers her junior congratulations to the *Daily Telegraph*, which celebrated its Jubilee on Sept. 17. Long may Lord Burnham's lions, young and old, continue to roar, and may there always be plenty of journalistic prey to keep up their circulation. On June 29, 1855, the paper first appeared, but it was re-arranged and brought out as a four-page penny paper by Mr. J. M. Levy on the 17th of September following, and that has always been considered the paper's real birthday. It is the "Telegraph" in more senses than one, for it was the pioneer of war-news by wire. Our great contemporary which surveys life and reflects it so ably is not a little proud of its half-century. And with reason.

Our photographs of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane, published in our issue of September 13, were taken by Messrs. Langfrier, 23A, Bond Street.

At the Liège Exhibition, the firm of John Dewar and Sons, Limited, of Perth and London, who already hold over fifty medals for merit, have just secured exclusively the Grand Prix, the highest award at the Exhibition.

Owners of Centaur bicycles bought between November and July last are, no doubt, aware that the Centaur Company promised to give away a large number of machines as a free gift, by means of a system of coupons. The winning numbers may be had on application to the Company.

Owing to the pronounced success of "The White Chrysanthemum" at the Criterion Theatre, Mr. Frank Curzon has decided to give a *matinée* every Wednesday in future, in addition to the usual Saturday *matinées*.

In connection with the Bakers' Thirteenth Annual Exhibition, held at the Agricultural Hall, the Hovis Bread Flour Company, Limited, have organised a remarkable competition for the bakers of "Hovis" Bread, the prizes going to those agents who manufacture the highest-quality loaves from the "Hovis" flour.

#### THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

IT was said, not very long ago, and by no less a person than Sir Edward Elgar, that it was not to London that you must go in order to find the best things of English music. Of course, Elgar was wrong. Of course, London is the only centre in Europe where all the best music may be found, the best singers, the best conductors, the best choirs, the best virtuosi. The present writer much resented the statement, and—as he thinks—quite rightly. Yet time has somewhat softened that opinion, not because it was wrong, but because there is undoubtedly a certain combined sense of music in the provinces which you do not find in London. Is that very much, however? London, after all, is a series of villages; its very districts mark where the villages should be, if it were not for those fatal "joinings" which create a new individuality for London.

Nevertheless, the little village that surrounds Portland Street is one which contains a good deal of what may be called central European music. Mr. Henry J. Wood is insatiable in his desire to bring more and more good music into the general treasury of his London musical public, and he does so with a forcefulness and an assertiveness which scarcely knows a limit. Yet it is, perhaps, a question if he has altogether done the right thing in giving to that public all the best which exists in modern music; for the public must be educated by stealth, and Mr. Wood hurries too fast at times. He must not be too ready to adopt the Horatian teaching: "Odi profanum vulgus atque arceo."

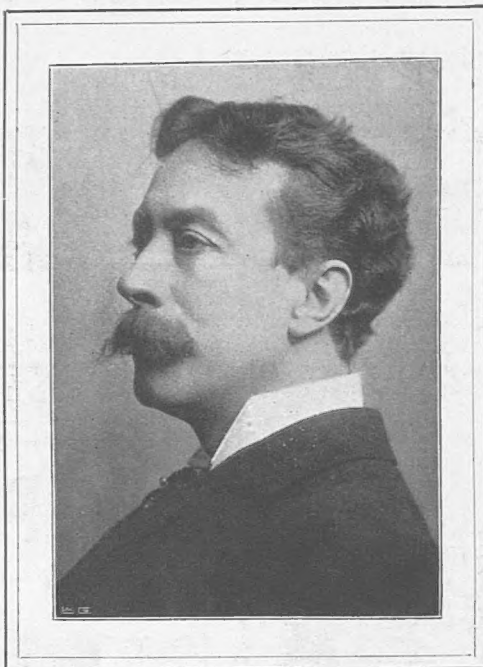
The Worcester Festival which has been taking place during the past week has been particularly fruitful in its musical outlook, although from an episcopal point of view it has not been heralded with very great favour.

The novelties which were produced at the Festival were, perhaps, somewhat more interesting than usual upon these occasions. The choral work, entitled "Hymn of Faith," by Mr. Ivor Atkins, which was composed expressly for this Festival, and the words of which were selected by no less a musician than Sir Edward Elgar, proved to be a composition of much interest, and, indeed, showed that Mr. Atkins has not only inherited the traditions of great Cathedral music, but that he is also capable of combining that tradition with a very modern feeling. Concerning the same subject, it is most necessary to mention that a performance was given of "The Surrender of the Soul," by Cornelius.

Dr. Herbert Brewer contributed to this Festival a work entitled "A Song of Eden," and a work rightly so entitled, because it deals with the apotheosis of the Creation when Adam sang his first canticle of praise. Of course, the argument is very high, and it is not quite musical in its inspiration. Nevertheless, Dr. Brewer has worked well, and has made many rhetorical effects where rhetoric alone was possible. He has naturally made his inspiration suited to his music, and therefore one knows almost exactly how

he will treat any given subject. Such a phrase as "Ye sons of light" might have been prophesied ever since Wagner wrote the second Act of "Lohengrin."

Two works different in character, different in emotion, different also in spirit, were given at the Worcester Festival in order to honour Worcester's greatest musical son, Sir Edward Elgar. These were "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles." It was most interesting to compare the two works, as it were, side by side. The first certainly contains more emotional elements than are included in the later, and yet, we will always assert, the greater work. "Gerontius" is full of religious emotion carried almost to a poignant pitch. The passage of the Soul from earth into futurity naturally made for emotional ideas and emotional treatment. Here, then, Elgar took all advantage of the emotional part of his temperament. He did his best, and, indeed, in doing so he produced a masterpiece which will not easily be rejected by audiences, English or foreign. "The Apostles," however, is a work more full of austerity, more ascetic, more intimate, perhaps, than its predecessor. It is intellectual to the highest point. Elgar has here shown that one side of his genius can be fully occupied, from a musical point of view, with subjects that are almost transcendental. It naturally follows that a work written upon such a scale as this is not altogether likely to receive a perfect and ideal performance; nevertheless, the performance at Worcester was as nearly ideal as anyone might expect. It has been said that Elgar does not really know how to write for the human voice, even though he has an immense mastery over orchestral music. Precisely the same criticism was passed upon Gluck, who proved in his later and immortal career that he alone, with one enormous exception, knew how to write for the voice in the eighteenth century. One has little doubt that the same conclusion will be arrived at concerning Elgar in the next generation. COMMON CHORD.



THE LATE MR. L. F. AUSTIN.

Photograph by Russell.

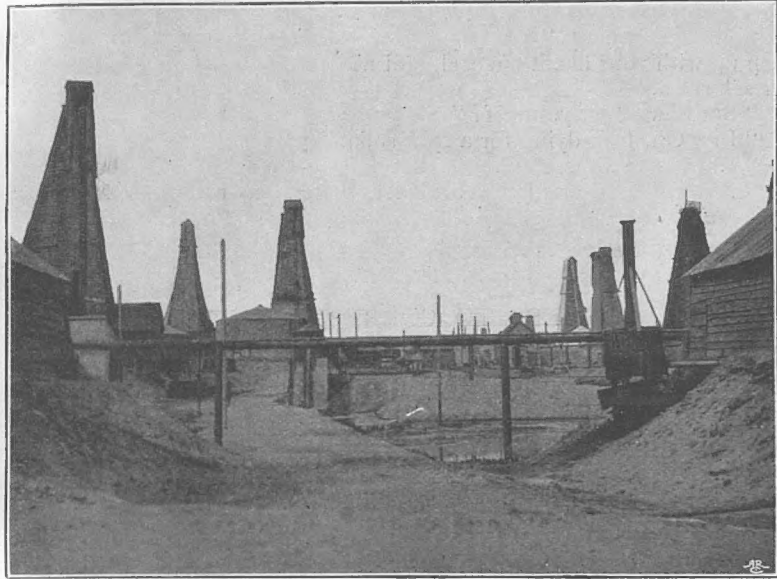


## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 26.*

## WAITING UPON MONEY.

STOCK Exchange Markets keep a very wary eye upon Lombard Street and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Most people agree in thinking that the Bank Rate will have to go up again, perhaps this week, perhaps not until later. If it does, Consols and their family may go better upon the release of the present strain



VIEW OF SABOOUCHI PROPERTY OF THE EUROPEAN PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED.

upon the market involved by the apprehension of a rise in the Rate. Americans, however, might suffer; the financial situation in Wall Street is none too healthy, even when three per cent. is the minimum on this side. Trunks, we hear, are to have a sudden spurt: on merits they look too high already. The Rhodesian gamble goes on more or less merrily, but it is not the movement that is likely to attract much public, and Kaffirs are still left to the professionals.

The extraordinary events of the past week or two in Southern Russia have left their mark upon the Oil share-market, but the reports of damage are declared by authorities to be greatly exaggerated. Our illustrations refer to properties of two of the principal English Companies trading in Russian oil.

## MUMMIES.

Mining in Egypt does not move rapidly during the summer months, as most of the mine-managers take advantage of the hot weather and come home on leave. On two of the mines of the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, however, work has been pressed forward with some energy and considerable success. If what we hear is true, Atallah will soon be a very valuable mine, with a future beyond suspicion. All the levels are looking well, and, although assays are notoriously misleading, it is an open secret that a careful average assay of the whole of the reef here gave 6 oz. to the ton. Anything over 15 dwt. should pay to work in this locality. Semna, according to the latest report, is now opening out upon a 3-ft. reef, going 1 oz. 9 dwt. to the ton, the last twenty feet driven upon being 6 ft. wide, and averaging 2 oz. to the ton. Here again working expenses are low, and a 3-ft. reef of the value stated above is an exceedingly payable proposition. It is a remarkable thing that Mr. Alford should, in the few short years he has been working in Egypt, have discovered such distinctly valuable mines as Um Rus, Atallah, Semna, and Eridia, and why the Egyptian Mines shares should be so low only the jobbers in that particular market can say. As a lock-up there is nothing better in the whole Egyptian Market, whilst as a speculative gamble we cannot see how anything in North African mining is more likely to show a considerable rise.

## BAYS.

Readers of these columns need no reminder of the consistent manner in which the claims of Hudson's Bay shares have been recommended to the attention of buyers for several months past. Opinions now are considerably divided as to the probable course that the price will take in the future, and the accompanying paragraph, which came to us the other day through Stock Exchange sources, represents one side of the question—

Amongst Canadian securities which have boomed more than any are Hudson Bays, in which an enormous speculative account has been built up by careful nursing in the past year on the part of American speculators, who are now, we are told, quietly getting out on the British public. Various statements have been made as to the land

held by the Company, but according to the Charter the Company are entitled to a twentieth part of the Fertile Belt, which is estimated to contain 140,000,000 acres, and the Company are only entitled to the twentieth part of surveyed lands up to 1920.

In the Chairman's speech in July the following passage appears: "Nor can we count on the quantity of land that we are to receive as our twentieth of the area of the Fertile Belt, as this will depend solely on the extent to which the land may be surveyed and subdivided in the course of the next few years." Referring to the then price of the shares (£70), another warning appears in his speech—"But it does appear to me that it has risen to a pretty high figure just now."

As the Company have already sold 1,400,000 acres, they can at the outside get a remaining 5,600,000 acres, and some great part of this must certainly be swamp, etc. We think these words of warning may in the end be useful to those people who are now buying or are intending to buy the shares at anything over 80, especially when it is remembered that it is only a year ago that the shares were £40 per share.

We must leave it to our readers' decision as to whether there is any hidden meaning in this piece of disinterested advice.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He rose from the tiny table in the West-End tea-shop with an air of bored thankfulness.

"Just listen till they finish this one thing," pleaded his wife, as the soft melody of a Nocturne mingled with the quiet clatter of cups and saucers.

"Not for another moment," said The Stroller, firmly, sitting down, however, the thankfulness fled from his face and only boredom remaining.

"What are you going to ask your brokers to do with my three thousand pounds?" went on the lady, with both ears on the music, but thoughtful as ever for his little failings.

"Well, d'you know, that rather worries me," he replied, bending over the wee table and putting a heavy glove on to a creamy cakelet.

"Twopence for the cake and three-and-six for new gloves makes three-and-eight wasted," observed his thrifty wife.

"Old gloves," was the only consolation she received. "I think you ought to get four per cent. on your money, don't you?"

"I think I ought to get fourteen," she replied. "Hasn't that violinist a delightfully sympathetic touch?"

"I know what my broker will say if I tell him you want five or six per cent. He will just shrug his shoulders——"

The Stroller's wife showed the way in advance.

"And say, 'My dear sir, every broker will tell you that high yields can only be obtained by running considerable risks.'"

His companion made a gesture of impatience. "Nothing venture, nothing have. Faint heart never won fair lady," she quoted.

Her husband bowed. "A dainty tribute to the bravery of my own heart," he said, gallantly, and the lady rose perforce. Besides, the Nocturne was finished.

"We meet anon," he said, hailing two hansoms; and when he settled himself in the one going Citywards, he lit a cigar, after a sort of grateful sigh.

"She says she must have five per cent. at least," he told his broker, as they discussed the investment in the Stock Exchange office.

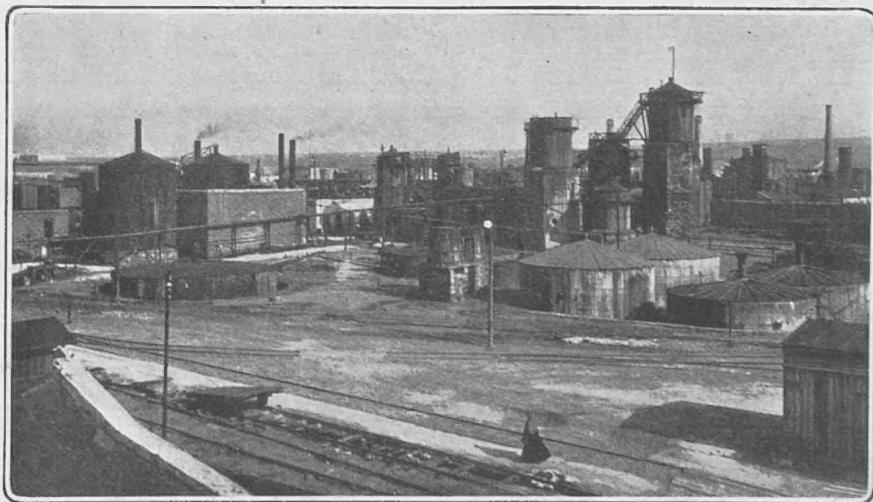
"My dear sir, every broker will tell you——," began the oracle.

The Stroller waved his hand deprecatingly. "Never mind all that," he said. "Can't you suggest something which does it?"

"Mexican Railway First Preference will," the broker rejoined. "At present, the return is just over 4½ per cent. on the money."

"Decent kind of prospects?"

"I think, in spite of the Chairman, that the prospects are



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decidedly bright. The next dividend or two may be about 6 per cent., but after that the full 8 per cent. is quite likely."

"It's Mexico," demurred The Stroller.

"My dear sir, every broker will tell you——"

"Oh yes, they do, they do," said our friend, hastily. "I quite agree with what you say. But isn't there something nearer home? Home Railway stocks, for instance?"

The broker's laugh betrayed the faintest suspicion of scorn.



"There's nothing of any use that will pay you any more than 4 per cent. at the very outside," said he.

"How about some of the Welsh lines?"

"Ah, that's another matter. You can have Barry Deferred or Taff Vale to return 5 per cent.," he agreed. "And I don't see why some of the money shouldn't go into one of these."

The Stroller pencilled Mexican Railway First Preference and Barry Deferred on a slip of paper.

"Bovril Preference, paying 5 per cent., are all right. Cement Prefs pay 9 per cent., but are much more speculative, naturally, and perhaps hardly the thing for a lady's money."

"More suitable for my own?" suggested The Stroller.

"You're running a fair risk with them," the broker told him; "although, mind you, I believe they are good enough to have."

"Well, what about this investment?" and our friend tapped his slip of paper.

"Supposing you put six hundred into Mexican First Preference, twelve hundred into Barry Deferred, six hundred into Bovril Preference—"

"That leaves six hundred pounds," returned The Stroller. "Will that cover the brokerage and expenses?"

"You evidently think the stamp duties heavier than they are," the broker said. "However, I forgive you. Six hundred left."

The Stroller nodded. "Into the jaws of—the Stock Exchange—Rode the Six Hundred," he paraphrased.

"Rio de Janeiro Flour Mills are a fine industrial investment," mused the broker. "Pay seven per cent. on the money, too."

"Are there any Yankees worth buying?"

The broker looked at him as much in sorrow as in pity.

"Atchisons look cheap," The Stroller defended himself.

"Atchisons are cheap, but for a lady—Why, I'd rather let her buy Consols than Atchisons."

"Another good speculative investment for me, eh? Right you are."

"Don't you think she'd better have a better-class stock for the rest of the money?"

"Your suggestions will, of course, receive her profound respect. What would you advise? She has a hankering for something Canadian, because a brother of hers lives out there."

"Sentimental, aren't they?" said the broker. "Why not Quebec and Lake St. John 4 per cent. Prior Lien bonds at about 96? They are safe enough, and will go to par."

"That's one stock. Better tell me something else."

"Grand Trunk Pacific Fours, with a coupon of 2 per cent. due on October 1st, are to be had about 104. Capital stuff, too."

"And Home Railway stocks?"

"The market is overdoing the hope of better times. I think we shall see everything in that market down again before long. I don't refer to the Welsh stocks. They come into a separate category."

"Yes, I don't fancy the Home Railway Market will keep up for very long," nodded The Stroller.

"If the money belonged to my wife," the broker continued, "I should put some of it into gilt-edged stock, like Metropolitan Water, or India Threes, or even some Colonial stock."

"What are the best Colonials?"

"Well, I've told you before that Lagos 3½ per cent. is cheap. So are the 4 per cent. New South Wales Convertibles at 102. So is West Australia 3½ per cent. Inscribed. So—"

"Thanks, awfully. I have jotted down the names as far as I could keep up with your fluent counsel, and will submit them to Madam for her selection."

"But how about yourself?"

"I? Oh, I'm dying for a split soda."

"Why, that's the very thing that I've got one foot in the grave for the want of!" cried the broker. "Let's go and look for one, shall we?"

Saturday, September 16, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

SHAME.—(1) Most Stock Exchange firms would transact your business. (2) No. (3) Certainly not. If you wish for the name of a firm of Stock Exchange members we will send it to you. (4) It exists for obvious purposes. (5) *a*, *c*, and *d* are good. Should not advise *b*. (6) We rely neither upon the people nor their fanciful system. (7) One of the worst bucket-shops. Why run such risks when you can deal in perfect safety with the London Stock Exchange?

SLAB.—(1) As a lock-up, yes. (2) We believe they have several good contracts on hand, but (3) do not anticipate the payment of any Preference dividend this year.

M. H.—We have placed your pictures in the proper hands, and, while thanking you for sending them, must express our inability to see what connection they have with finance.

ROMANY.—(1) Nitrate Deferred are too high. You should buy Lagunas Syndicate shares. (2) Also fully-priced. (3) Have risen ten points since we advised a correspondent to buy them three weeks ago. (4) Both good enough to hold as investments.

COLOMBINE.—(1) Colombian Second Debentures have fair prospects. (2) Japan Internal bonds are redeemable at par, and stand lower than those of the External series because the latter have better security. (3) Very much of a toss-up. (4) Calgary Lands paid a dividend of 2s. last month.

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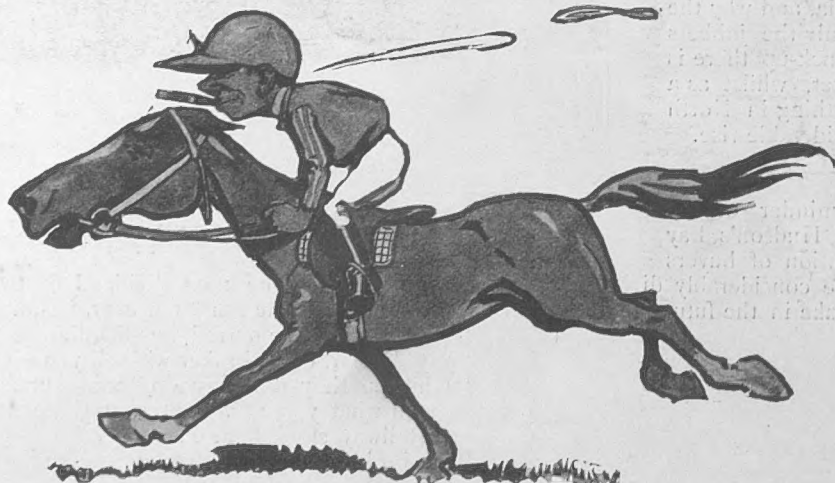
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